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## The Nation

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# The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1912.

## The Week

That the Judiciary Committee of the House, by unanimous vote, should have recommended the impeachment of Judge Archbald, is testimony at once to the seriousness of the charges against him—as well as to the weight of the evidence supporting them—and to the determination of the Committee and the House to do everything in their power to uphold the purity of the bench. This last is, at the present time, the chief consideration. We have had a great deal of railing at the judiciary, and, along with it, a large amount of positive assertion that impeachment is so futile that we must rush to the recall. If now, in the Archbald case, we can have a demonstration of the efficiency of the Constitutional method of getting rid of an unworthy judge, the result cannot be other than wholesome. Judgment must, of course, be withheld on the merits until the whole matter is heard, but there is no reason whatever for hesitation in praising the promptness and vigor with which the House Committee has proceeded. If the allegations against Judge Archbald are sustained, he will appear of all men most unfit to hold judicial office, since he would be that most repulsive figure—a judge with an itching palm.

The appointment of Charles D. Hilles, private secretary to the President, to the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee, has, without regard to Mr. Hilles's qualifications for the place, the high merit of keeping Mr. Barnes of New York out of the job. Mr. Taft's easy acquiescence in poor counsel is at times so conspicuous that even so bad a blunder as tying up his fortunes with the leader of the Old Guard seemed at one time possible. Mr. Taft may stand for constitutionalism and orderly progress without identifying himself with the constitutional and social-economic views of Mr. Barnes, whose methods, in any case, are more suited to older politics than to the modern conditions under which this year's campaign must be fought out. Campaign management seems destined to become a young man's

calling, ever since Mr. Hitchcock showed what he could do four years ago. Mr. McCombs, who did such valiant work for Woodrow Wilson, and Mr. Hilles now join the ranks of the young men who win their games by foot-work and speed at the net rather than by accurate placing.

The call for Mr. Roosevelt's new party is cast in the traditional form of the revolutionary manifesto. It has its list of grievances and its appeal to eternal principles. The manner of the declaration of independence is there; but the substance is missing. New governments and new parties arise when men are spurred on by a sense of intolerable wrongs. Their indictment against tyrants and institutions blazes with specific crimes and misdemeanors. But what are the clear-cut causes that have impelled Mr. Roosevelt and his followers to raise the standard of a new party? They do not exist. As against the twenty-eight specific accusations which the author of an earlier Declaration of Independence submitted to a candid world, we find ourselves floundering today in a bog of characteristic Rooseveltian generalities. Once more we meet the crooked political bosses, and the privileged classes, and the few arrayed against the many. Once more we are asked to sympathize with honest business and to condemn dishonest business. Above the loud clarion note of defiance we catch the familiar overtones of "on the one hand" and "on the other." Only one thing is clear: for what and for whom the new party is to stand. It is the party of the first part, of Number One, of Theodore Roosevelt.

Some of the Colonel's over-zealous flatterers are representing him as the first "people's candidate" for President in American history. This is a mistake. As lately as 1899 Admiral Dewey, still the popular hero of the hour, was seriously considered for such an eminence by a political group who believed that he could command the support of those citizens who disliked the McKinley Administration, yet hesitated to seek refuge in Bryanism. Further back than that, however, occurred a movement which the standard histories ignore be-

cause of its untimely end—a plan set afoot in 1867 to make Gen. Grant a "people's candidate." President Johnson was then at the zenith of his unpopularity, the Democrats were all at sea, and the shrewd thing seemed to be to find a man who could command the votes of the old soldiers, regardless of former party affiliations. The chief engineer of the project was Alexander T. Stewart, the New York merchant. Unfortunately for its success, the Republican managers discovered what was going on and took up Grant themselves, albeit he was then a Democrat. Grant's recognition of Stewart's interest in him found expression in his nomination of Stewart for Secretary of the Treasury. Whether Garfield or Pinchot, Perkins or Munsey or Stubbs, is first in the line of recognition as the Colonel's discoverer might be doubtful but for the fact that the Colonel himself appears to have got ahead of all of them.

We shall have to begin to talk about "Wilson luck." To have been nominated in the face of Tammany opposition was as good a send-off as a reasonable man could ask, but it has been quickly followed by the resignation of "Tom" Taggart as National Committeeman from Indiana. Why Mr. Taggart should have taken this step is not clear. It has not been his way in the past to resign. All that the Washington correspondents can say in explanation is that he intended some time ago to leave the Committee, but wanted to remain until he could go "with prestige." Having swung the Indiana delegation to the support of a candidate who represents all that Taggart does not, he feels that he has won sufficient prestige to retire on. But whatever his motives may be, for the act itself his party and the country are indebted to him. Eight years ago he "managed" the Parker campaign, thus adding a handicap. It is not that Mr. Taggart has been, on the whole, unsuccessful in politics, but that his successes have been of that peculiar kind which menaces his party.

Gov. Marshall has not set the prairies afire, but as the first Democratic Governor of Indiana since 1892, naturally was struck by the Vice-Presidential light-

ning. He made a hard and successful fight against Taggart early in his Administration, but, unlike Gov. Wilson, failed to keep it up, although his sympathies were plainly with the better element of his party. The result was that last January he was constrained to say openly that he felt as Lincoln did upon one occasion, when he remarked: "It seems, gentlemen, that I haven't very much influence with this Administration." A recent address of the Governor reveals him as a high-minded, if somewhat old-fashioned, Executive. He is impressed with the spectacle of "the partition walls between the departments of government being rapidly torn down." He also believes that "the most dangerous idea that an official can possess is the idea that the people have elected him to put in force and effect every vagary and theory and notion which may come into his head." He has a sensible word upon primaries:

You may abolish the caucus, if you will, and adopt in its stead the primary; you may go farther and have a second primary to determine who shall run in the primary for the nomination to be voted for at the election; you may keep on adding machinery and machinery to the system of nominating and electing officials, and your effort will come to naught until a public sentiment, which puts upon the conscience of every man his great responsibility for good government in this country, is aroused.

Another instance of Taft's bad luck, many will be inclined to call the row in the Treasury Department. On top of Ballinger and the Hitchcock report advocating the Government ownership of telegraphs—a report given to the press without the President's knowledge—the troubles now centring upon Secretary MacVeagh will give color to the belief that discipline under this Administration is not what it should be, and that a lack of firm Executive control leads to jealousies and insubordination and a woful failure to get good team play in the Departments. There cannot be two opinions about the letter which Assistant Secretary Andrew gave to the press after his resignation had been demanded. Without discussing for the present the merits or demerits of the existing management of the Treasury, the fact seems clear to us that it is a gross impropriety for a minor official like Mr. Andrew to rush to press with his grievances; and that it is of obvious importance to keep up the reputation of high officials at

Washington for administrative efficiency.

An interesting side-light on the sources of some of the "information" submitted to Congress by the Tariff Board is to be found in a letter to the *London Economist* by its Washington correspondent. He states that figures were given respecting the cost of production in certain English mills, which the Tariff Board reported as coming from "sworn chartered accountants." The natural inference was that these men had been employed for the purpose of getting at the facts by our Government. But the *Economist's* correspondence asserts that there is "unquestionable evidence" that these statements of mill costs were "surreptitiously purchased from some unknown persons who had obtained them from the statements prepared by certain chartered accountants who had been employed to go through the books of these mills in adjusting a labor dispute." This may not have been dishonorable, but it certainly was a queer way to get statistics as a guide to legislation. If the Republican party had not shamefacedly given up its attempt to ascertain scientifically the difference in cost of production at home and abroad, the incident would be worth following up. As it is, it may be safely left alongside those official figures of German costs which Aldrich refused to make public.

The Supreme Court of Indiana has brought up the State Legislature with a round turn. At its last session the Legislature desired to amend the Indiana Constitution. Now, that instrument provides two methods for making changes in itself. A Legislature may propose an amendment, which must be approved by a succeeding Legislature, and then by the people, before it can become a part of the organic law. This was too slow a process for the Hoosier law-makers, and so they resorted to the device of passing a series of amendments and calling the whole a new Constitution, which they proposed to submit to the voters this autumn. This arrangement, however, fell foul of the second method provided in the Constitution for its own alteration, which is that no new Constitution shall be submitted to the voters until, in accordance with a legislative act, a majority of them have declared in favor

of a Constitutional Convention. Clearly, the proposal of the Legislature of 1911 was in agreement with neither of these methods. But advocates of the "new Constitution" had two arguments for it. One was that the people may create a government, or change one already in existence. The other was that the Governor could not be enjoined as a member of the Board of Election Commissioners from putting the question of the adoption of the proposed instrument on the ballot. The Supreme Court, by a divided vote, holds that the Governor can be so enjoined, and declares: "We have not heard the voice of the people raised in a demand for a new Constitution."

If one may judge from the new life-boat rules which the Government has issued for lake, bay, and sound steamers, the lesson of the *Titanic* has been but lightly heeded. The regulations begin bravely enough: "Lake, bay, and sound steamers carrying passengers must be equipped with sufficient lifeboat and lifecraft capacity to accommodate at one time all persons on board, including passengers and crew." Then comes this surprising proviso:

Provided, that such steamers navigating during the year from May 15 to September 15, will be required to be equipped with only such lifeboats and lifecraft capacity as will be sufficient to accommodate at one time at least 30 per cent. of all persons on board, including passengers and crew; provided, however, that such steamers lying at all points within a distance of five miles from land over waters whose depths are not sufficient to entirely submerge the vessel, will, from May 15 to September 15, be required to be equipped with such lifeboat and lifecraft capacity as will be sufficient to accommodate at one time 10 per cent. of all persons on board, including passengers and crew.

It is true that the months from May to September are not those of severe storms or high seas on inland waters, but it is equally true that they are the months of crowding and overcrowding on the craft that ply these waters. To require means of escape only equal, at most, to those which proved so tragically inadequate on the *Titanic*, and in certain cases only one-third of this maximum, is to neglect the solemn warning of such disasters as that to the *White Star* liner the *Slocum*.

There may be little in our civilization to remind the world of ancient Greece, but part of that little is being

displayed at Stockholm, where the Olympic games have opened with victories for American athletes. That an American should win an event bearing so Attic a name as the pentathlon will be regarded by the patriotic as indicating what we can do in any direction when we try, a conviction that will be strengthened rather than upset by the further fact that the winner comes from the Carlisle Indian School. Our victories ought, too, to be popular with the citizens of all nations, for when an American wins an event, Germans or Swedes or Englishmen or Irishmen will frequently make the pleasing discovery that the winner, although calling himself an American, is but one or two generations from Germany or Sweden or England or Ireland, and may thus not improperly be acclaimed as one of their heroes. If this seems to give us an advantage over our competitors, it is the legitimate advantage of the natural attractions and the liberal institutions, including the deliberate policy of welcoming the alien, that has drawn so many millions of other breeds to our shores. To us these victories may suggest that, for certain lines of achievement at least, the melting pot has not yet unfitted us.

The end of organized rebel resistance in Mexico is in sight. Orozco's men have been defeated at Bachimba, and Chihuahua City has been evacuated. There is still some brave talk on the rebel side of refusing to disband and taking to guerrilla tactics. But there is no visible distinction between guerrilla work and the operation of "independent flying columns," into which it is said that Orozco may divide his men. All along the rebels have been waiting for cheerful news from those mysterious flanking columns operating in the rear of the Federal army; but these columns are probably nearer to the vicinity of Mrs. Harris than of the city of Torreon. The abandonment of Chihuahua means the end of forced bank loans and other forms of "taxation" by which Orozco's men have lived. The shortage of ammunition which has been offered as the chief explanation of the revolutionist reverses is now emphasized by a shortage of cash. Orozco's secret backers have by this time grown chary of sending good money after bad.

To multitudes who have never seen a specimen of his work or even known

just what his work was, the death of Robert Barrett Browning will be an affecting event. He was the living link that still bound us, in the twentieth century, to the two poets of the nineteenth whose romantic attachment will live, not merely as long as their verses, but as an integral part of them. This interesting connection with a vanished age is emphasized by the place of his death, for if the Brownings were English and Victorian, among their marks of distinction was a rather un-English appreciation of alien lands and particularly of Italy. Rydal Mount and Farringford, accordingly, are no more truly among England's literary shrines than is Asolo, where the creator of *Pippa* planned to build Pippa's Tower for his final dwelling-place. Owing to legal circumlocution, he was not able to realize this dream, but the spot has long been the home of his son. Lovers of coincidences will set it down in their memories that the end has come in the year of the centenary of Robert Browning's birth—but still in the morning of his fame.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, while walking in his garden, stumbled over a flower tub and fell to the ground, fracturing his right arm. Thus the matter-of-fact, anonymous author of the Associated Press dispatch records an event which was not an accident, as the ordinary person will think, but an incident which was hardly worth publishing broadcast to the world. The newspapers last week did not state, "Yesterday Mr. Chesterton walked an hour in his garden and did not stumble and fall." The newspapers of last month did not state, "Yesterday Mr. Chesterton was climbing to the top of a bus in Oxford Street and did not trip over a step and hurt himself." And yet the fact that Mr. Chesterton has for years been walking upright in defiance of the law of gravitation is a much more wonderful thing than the fact that for once he should have yielded to the universal pull that holds the cosmos in balance. What really happened was not that Mr. Chesterton fell to the ground, but that the earth rose to meet Mr. Chesterton. All this will be fully explained by Mr. Chesterton as soon as his right arm is well again, which we hope will not be long.

The verdict in the Camorrist trial at

Viterbo is another victory for the Italian Government in its campaign against the criminal secret-society organizations. The latest phase of the struggle began half a dozen years ago, when Camorrist domination in Naples reached a point where the central Government stepped in, suspended the municipal administration, and placed the city under a royal commissioner. How deep-rooted the secret-society evil is in southern Italy was shown both before and during the trial. In order to obtain a fair hearing for its own side of the case, the Government was compelled to transfer the trial to Viterbo, several hundred miles from Naples, and to conduct the proceedings under extraordinary precautions that have attracted the attention of the world. Even then it was difficult to obtain a jury willing to take the risk. That the jury should have brought in a verdict of guilty is a sign that the old fear of the Camorra's vengeance has weakened in the course of the long trial. It is also evident that the Viterbo jurors must have had intelligence as well as courage to steer their way through millions of words of testimony over a period of more than a year. In this country it is unfortunately the case that a long trial and multitudinous witnesses usually do not mean the conviction of the guilty.

The success with which the republican Government in Portugal has hitherto met Royalist attempts at invasion from Spain shows plainly that the majority of the Portuguese people is enlisted in support of the new régime. The danger from the Royalist forces is by no means over, but up till now the expected uprising of the peasants against the republic in conjunction with the monarchist invaders has not taken place. In Lisbon, too, the outlook for the Government seems to be improving. The existence of the new republic has been repeatedly threatened by labor disturbances in the capital. The overthrow of the monarchy had the usual result of letting loose all kinds of wild hopes among the laboring population. By this time the lesson has apparently been learned that the millennium will not come by way of a constitutional revolution. Finally, we have the statement that the Portuguese Government may settle its differences with the Vatican, an arrangement which would increase the security of the republic.

## PROGRESSIVE MORALITY.

Mr. Roosevelt's telegram to William Allen White is the frankest expression he has yet given of his plan to beg, borrow, or steal votes, under any disguise or any name that may be convenient. Attention has already been called to the extraordinary effrontery of running Presidential electors on the pretence that they are for Taft, but with the purpose of inducing them to vote for Roosevelt, if they are elected. This from a party that shrieks about cheating is tolerably cool. Thou shalt not steal is a binding Commandment, but thou shalt not sneak-thieve is like unto it, and covers a meaner form of crime. Yet Mr. Roosevelt has now gone further in his desire to annex what is not his own. He telegraphs Mr. White that he will be "entirely content" if the new organization shall call itself "Progressive Democratic" in any State where that plan seems the best means of deceiving the people into voting for Roosevelt electors. Such impudence and indecency have not been seen in American politics since the time when Birdofreedom Sawin gave his great mind to devising a programme for "all right-thinkin', honest folks that mean to go it blind," with the aim of bringing about the result which Mr. Roosevelt now evidently seeks to compass, namely:

I vote my way; you, yours; an' both air sooted to a T.

All this shuffling and subterfuge would be disgusting in any political leader or party, and in the present instance it is positively abhorrent. For it comes from men who have not merely set themselves up as the apostles of righteousness, but have made the asserted trickery of the men whom they are opposing their chief stock in trade. They have filled the air with cries that the others are cheating politicians. The third party, they profess, is undertaken as a moral protest. Yet from the first it sets sail under false colors. It proposes to be all things to all men if by any means it may bamboozle some. In one State it will seek to flinch the regular Republican organization; in another it will have an openly bolting ticket; and now it appears that Mr. Roosevelt is willing to wear even the Democratic label if it will anywhere win him a few votes. A jockey may ride in any colors, changing them as he sees fit, and no one will think the worse of him, but for the

straight, square, downright Colonel to be willing to masquerade as here one thing and there another in proof of how far he and his followers have "progressed" in political morality. Their plan of campaign is now exactly the one that Jay Gould adopted—that is, in Republican counties to be a Republican, but in Democratic counties to be a Democrat.

We suppose that the third-party moralists have felt themselves driven to such immoral shifts by the enormous difficulties of organizing a nation-wide independent movement. Those difficulties stand confessed. They are, in our opinion, greater in some States than they should be. In New York, for example, the obstacles placed by the new ballot law in the way of independent nominations are formidable—much more so than they ought to be in fairness. The right to bolt and to resent and oppose unfit nominations by party machines is one that we profoundly believe in, and the laws should not make its exercise unduly onerous. Still, the facts are what they are; and if Mr. Roosevelt and his friends have looked the whole field over and counted the cost and resolved to create a new party, it is for them to do so in honest and straightforward fashion on the basis of the situation as it actually exists. In the long run, we believe, they will gain by being explicit and direct. Already they have suffered by the evidence that they are willing to get ahead by dodging round laws and morals. American humor is not yet extinct, and it will inevitably beat in increasing volume upon a party that shouts about its own courage and pure motives, but instantly sets out to assume various opportune disguises. The country is still unwilling to call old notions fudge, and trickery will not smell any sweeter by naming it progressive.

Mr. Roosevelt has been indulging in one of his old flings at the press. See, he says, how fully the newspapers print all the news they can get about the new party—give its announcements and manifestos in full—yet how chary of comment they are. The implication was that editors were agreeing to attack Mr. Roosevelt by a conspiracy of silence. Would that this were possible! There has, in fact, been no lack of editorial remark upon Mr. Roosevelt's political venture, and we can assure him that there will be plenty more of it if he continues to allow in himself the political im-

moralities which he condemns in others, even bettering the instruction he has had from unscrupulous politicians. In particular will he get a full amount of that attention of which he is such a glutton, if it appears more and more clearly that his present course is one of mad ambition or undying rancor, or both. For it can be said of Americans, as it has been of Englishmen by Lord Rosebery, that "they delight in a fair fight and a fair victory, but nothing is so revolting to them as anything which bears the semblance of ungenerous treatment of an enemy." The third party will be doomed if it be made merely an instrument of personal vengeance.

## WILSON AND THE THIRD PARTY.

Everybody is wise after the event. Since Wilson's nomination at Baltimore there has been almost universal agreement that he was the strongest candidate whom his party could have named. No other, it is now generally admitted, could better unite or so well lead inspiringly his own party, while no one else had anything like his chance of taking full advantage of the divided and distraught condition of the Republicans. This was all along urged by those who took the clearest view of the situation; and the truth of their contention is now amply vindicated by what is being said and done in all parts of the country respecting a third-party movement. That the selection of Wilson was the soundest Democratic strategy has already been demonstrated. We did not need the innocent revelation of the ingenuous Kermit that "Pop was praying for Clark." The fact stands out as plain as daylight that the choice of Wilson was a severe blow to Roosevelt and the third-party incubators. It makes the Colonel seem much weaker, and bids fair to leave him looking ridiculous.

He himself, to be sure, informs the reporters that only about one-twentieth of the letters and telegrams he has received since Tuesday of last week urge him to abandon his project of flocking by himself. They must have been hardy friends who sent him that advice. For one who ventured to give it, there must have been ten who secretly wished that he would take it. And as for the nineteen-twentieths who exhorted him to fight harder than ever, they were but carrying their goods to a market already glutted. We know from the *Anti-Ja-*

cobin that it is very easy to "bid the rest keep fighting," without being a very valiant warrior yourself. Among the formerly outspoken Roosevelt leaders there have been many—and those carrying most weight—to declare that they will have neither part nor lot in a third-party movement. And if so large a number of prominent men have taken this position, one can readily imagine the extent of the disappointment and reaction among the insignificant enthusiasts who were for the Colonel because he was the only man who could win. If he is now obviously driving straight to defeat and mortification, they will make haste to dismount from his chariot.

There is a lengthening and really formidable list of men who were previously enlisted in Roosevelt's army but who have now openly deserted. No one did more for him at Chicago than Senator Borah, but Borah submits himself to the will of his party, goes to the White House, and comes away declaring that he intends to support Taft. Another Progressive Republican Senator, Works of California, declines to say at present whether he will fall in behind the President, but lets it distinctly be known that he means to stay with the Republicans and that he is not at all for a third party. Senator Works's exact language was, as printed in the *Congressional Record*: "In my judgment, the man who attempts to form a new party, as conditions now are, will not be serving the interests of the people. . . . Better far to see the great Republican party go down to temporary defeat, and redeem it four years hence, than attempt the uncertain and dangerous remedy of forming a new party." Of like mind is Gov. Hadley of Missouri and Gov. Deen of Illinois. Still more significantly, Gov. Osborn of Michigan was moved last week to assert that the nomination of Wilson had given the Progressives a satisfactory candidate, and that all excuse for putting up Roosevelt independently had now been destroyed.

Roosevelt may be or may pretend to be blind to the inevitable effect of Gov. Wilson's nomination upon the Progressive movement, but the Progressives themselves are not. They know what has happened. Before it was revealed that the Colonel's prayers had been for Clark, everybody knew that the Rooseveltian hopes were pinned to the Speaker's success, or to that of some one who

could be dubbed a reactionary or a tool of the interests. The actual outcome at Baltimore made dough of all this cake. There is, indeed, a fine whistling to keep the courage up at Oyster Bay, but the news from other parts of the country is all of discouragement and surrender.

The truth is that a great many Rooseveltians were badly caught by the Wilson nomination. It was entirely unexpected to them. What they had counted upon was the selection of another candidate, and then they were all ready to exclaim at the folly and recreancy of the Democratic party in rejecting so fine a man and so genuine a progressive. It was solely for this purpose that they had praised Woodrow Wilson so highly. He was admirably pictured as the man whom the Democrats ought to take, but certainly would not take. And these incautious followers of the Colonel—especially his newspaper supporters—had made every preparation to emit cries of woe over the selling out of the Democrats to the bosses and the interests, to write "Ichabod" upon the Baltimore Convention for having turned away from the one shining hope, Woodrow Wilson, and then to shout in thunder tones that the salvation of the country depended upon Roosevelt and a third party. But those plans went lamentably wrong. As the Colonel would say, the third party has been hit "middling hard." The arguments adduced in Wilson's behalf are already verified in the groggy condition of the Roosevelt third party.

#### AMATEURS OF REVOLUTION.

The series of articles contributed by Mr. H. G. Wells to the London *Daily Mail* on the present labor unrest has an interest other than that which attaches directly to the subject he discusses. These articles are valuable as revealing the temperament and mental attitude of Mr. H. G. Wells. The phase is a highly important one. Mr. Wells is one of a class of men who for some time have stood forth as critics of modern life, in their double capacity of litterateurs and sociologists. These men—Wells, Shaw, Galsworthy—have been ruthless in analyzing the cruelties and follies of present-day society. If we look for one distinguishing mark that characterizes them all, it will be found in a violent outspokenness. Thorough is their motto. Their particular aversion is that timid,

Mid-Victorian spirit which refused to face life resolutely. To G. B. Shaw the term Liberal is the severest possible form of reproach. It stands for cowardly half-measures, for a policy of fighting conflagrations with rose-water, for sweeping dirt into corners, for muddle, as Mr. Wells calls it, for patchwork, for cheap palliatives like milk depots, tenement-house reform, and factory legislation. In contrast to such a policy of shrinking advance, the new men are at pains to emphasize the revolutionary temper. For them it is not a question of patching up this world of ours, but of rebuilding it from the bottom up.

Where in the works of these ruthless world-builders do we find the revolutionary gospel developed? That is just the rub. We find in none of these men the revolutionary dogma thoroughly worked out. Instead we meet a mass of irreconcilable contradictions. They would sweep away modern society, and yet they would keep it. They would have men different, and they would have them the same. Mr. Wells, in his new novel, "Marriage," has some very bitter things to say of the modern philanthropic "movements." He denies the right of well-to-do people to force their way into the homes of the poor under the pretext of charity. It is bad enough to have to live in the slums, without having a lot of fussy busybodies prying around the kitchen and poking under the beds. He detests the district-visitor; it is quite the spirit in which Charles Dickens's poor resented the intrusions of the beadle. This is Mr. Wells the imaginative artist, interested primarily in the souls of men, conscious of that human passion for freedom from interference which is compensation for so much human unhappiness. But when we come to Mr. Wells the pamphleteer and student of sociology, it is quite a different matter. How, he asks in these *Daily Mail* articles to which we have referred, how may the present labor unrest be allayed, how may the threatened revolution be averted? In this manner:

There will have to be a vigorous development of the attempts that are already being made in garden-cities, garden suburbs, and the like, to re-house the mass of our population in a more civilized and agreeable manner. Half the money that goes out of England to Switzerland and the Riviera ought to go to the extremely amusing business of clearing up ugly corners and building jolly and convenient workmen's cottages—even if we do it at a loss. . . . It is quite impossible for

workmen and poor people generally to plan estates and arrange their own homes; they are entirely at the mercy of the wealthy in this matter.

Now what is this but the old Mid-Victorian Liberalism, with its humdrum, non-revolutionary methods, and with its theory of the duty owed by the rich to the poor? It is true that Mr. Wells says this work must be done "not in a mood of patronage, but in a mood of attentive solicitude." But the distinction is not obvious. How Wells the social reconstructor is going to build sanitary workingmen's houses without first fussing about in unsanitary workingmen's kitchens to the great dissatisfaction of Wells the novelist, is not quite apparent.

We may take the case of John Galsworthy. Unlike Wells and Shaw, with whom he has taken rank as a popularizer of the cause of social justice, Mr. Galsworthy is not endowed with a genius for publicity. He is less demonstrative, less emphatic, and probably more sincere than either of the other two. But in him, too, we find irreconcilable differences of attitude towards life. He has written with profound and touching sympathy of the life of the poor, and the moral of those mordant little sketches of London poverty is that this wretchedly organized society must be taken in hand and human waste must be made impossible. But compare this with Galsworthy of another mood, the Galsworthy who wrote "The Pigeon." In that little play we are invited to consider three social types—the drunkard, the general ne'er-do-well, and the woman of the gutter. And the point driven home is that it is useless to attempt salvage work with the outcasts of society because, in the first place, it cannot be done, in the second place they are happier as they are, and in the third place they are entitled to live their lives after their own fashion. This is very good Romantic doctrine, but how can such a philosophy be reconciled with any system of ameliorative social effort? Is it fair to that much-abused object, society, to assert that the wastrel cannot help being what he is and is best off in being what he is, and then to blame society because there are broken men and fallen women?

Thorough in manner and thorough in temperament, these men who have won so prominent a place in the world of social thought are really not at all thorough in their philosophy. They have

not worked it out to the rock-bottom of fact. They have not tried to make it consistent. Much of modern social philosophy takes pride, in fact, in being inconsistent. But while this attitude might do for a detached observer of Ibsen's anarchistic temperament, it is a fatal defect in one who would strive towards effective, practical leadership. By contrast with our amateur revolutionists, the old-fashioned Liberal was really a very strong figure. His aims may have been petty, but he believed in what he was doing. He never had any doubt that his milk-depots and summer-camps for the children of the poor were productive of results. He dealt with palliatives, but he believed in them. These new men believe in revolution, and believe that it won't do much good.

#### CHEAPENING GOVERNMENT ARCHITECTURE.

It was supposed to be in a spasm of economy that the House voted recently to repeal the Tarsney Act. This is the law under which the Supervising Architect at Washington is empowered to invite the submission of plans for public buildings by outside architects. Figures were submitted to Congress intended to show that this method was more costly than the old one, in accordance with which a Supervising Architect like the unlamented Mullett was able to inflict his standardized horrors in the way of public buildings upon the country. This was really the only argument made for the change: if a few hundred thousand dollars could be saved by no longer employing the leaders in the profession to add beauty and variety to our official architecture, and by leaving all the work to employees at Washington, why not do it? A readiness to squander millions upon pensions is consistent with absolute penuriousness when it comes to Government building.

In reality, however, it is by no means certain that the new system is more costly than the old. The whole question turns, of course, on architects' fees and the expenses of office work. In a statement sent by the Supervising Architect to the Committee on Appropriations, an analysis of costs, under the two methods, was undertaken. In this it was freely admitted that the difficulties in the way of entire accuracy of estimate were very great. So many items enter into the comparison, and

some of them are so elusive, that a precise contrasting of one system with the other is almost impossible. Yet in the compilation referred to, it was reckoned that if all the construction work done in 1909 had been carried out by the Supervising Architect's office a saving to the Government of some \$276,900 would have resulted. These official figures, however, have been closely scrutinized by a committee of architects, who contend that there was a neglect of certain allowances and percentages which would make a very great difference in the conclusion. This committee, taking a range of years—1905 to 1910—found that the total building contracts awarded amounted to \$32,796,000, and that it cost the Government for work done in the Supervising Architect's office, during that period, \$2,002,780. But this is above 6 per cent., slightly more than a private architect receives for his entire service, including local supervision.

Into this mathematical and financial dispute, we do not think that it is necessary to enter. It is a nice question, one way or the other, and the balance of cost on either side would probably not be very considerable. It is, of course, desirable that our official architecture should not countenance needless extravagance. If it were to be demonstrated that public buildings erected by private architects were excessive in cost, for purely professional charges, there would be a natural suspicion that something was wrong, and that reforms in practice should be made. We are bound to say that we believe the presumption to be all the other way. If Government architecture is cheaper than private, all other things being equal, it would be the one marked exception to the general rule that Government work is more expensive than that done by individuals or corporations. But even granting that the plan of calling in eminent architects may be somewhat more costly in operation than it would be to turn everything over to the Supervising Architect's Office, it does not in the least follow that the latter course would be wise.

Some things are more important than trifling economies. We believe that if the question were submitted to any competent and impartial jury, they would agree that a possible saving of \$200,000 a year by the repeal of the Tarsney Act

would not begin to make up for the loss the country would suffer. People of taste could not think without a shudder of going back to the period when our post-office buildings and our Federal court-houses were turned out at a central Government office like so many dry-goods boxes issuing from a factory. If we are to have public buildings at all, the finest skill and artistic judgment ought to be enlisted. Great public monuments ought not to be run on the cheap. They cannot be without lowering at once the value of the work and the sense of national dignity. We are entitled to the best public architecture, and if it costs slightly more than the mediocre, we may be sure that the people will cheerfully foot the bills. As we have said, the high probability is that it does not cost more; but in any event, it would be deplorable to take such a step to check the architectural revival in this country as would be involved in excluding our finest talent from competing for the monumental building which the Government has to undertake. It is strongly to be hoped that the Senate will see the point more clearly than did the House, and leave the Tarsney Act in full vigor.

#### A VANISHING HOME-INDUSTRY.

The art of telling bedtime stories is visibly on the decline. It is being destroyed by the same factory methods that have driven the spinning wheel out of existence and threaten the integrity of the home-baked loaf of bread. There seems to be no end to the "Readings for Children" which the publishers are turning out. Nowadays, one may read anything to infants. The Bible, Shakespeare, the mythology of the Greeks and the Norsemen, the librettos of Wagner, the leading principles of Marxian Socialism, may be had in words of one syllable. Specialization has invaded the nursery. The tired business man, having been relieved of the necessity of mental effort in the theatre and in so much of contemporary literature, is now being freed from the mental strain of talking the children to sleep. From the children's point of view, it is probably all for the best. The machine-made story, prepared under expert supervision and in accordance with the latest pedagogical principles, is easily superior to the old home-made article. In the long run the process may even work to-

wards the encouragement and preservation of filial respect. Our young may no longer be driven to conceal their contempt for the amateurish efforts of their parents.

But if the children, as a class, profit by the substitution of modern, scientific, sanitary methods for the old happy-go-lucky methods of small production, their elders are not so well off. The natives of India and Zanzibar may rejoice in the products of Manchester and Birmingham, but the wide dissemination of cotton goods has been attained at the heavy cost of transforming the British workingman from an artisan into a machine. Those attractive little "Readings for Children" may make life easier for parents, but can the time and energy saved atone for the loss of a valuable mental and spiritual exercise? Here was a field in which every father and mother was privileged to experience the highest pleasures known to man, the joy of creative effort in the realm of art. To play Homer to an audience of unspoiled souls; to play Aristophanes, Dante, Shakespeare, Dumas, and Jules Verne—what greater opportunity could the ordinary man and woman ask for escaping from the world of ordinary duties and interests into the world of pure imagination? The loss will be felt, as we have said, not by the great infant public, but by the adult artist. And it is a loss of actual enjoyment as well as of spiritual profit.

There is less unselfishness in the business of amusing children than we imagine. When Gladstone crawled about the floor, a fiery charger, with his grandchildren on his back, the steed was probably quite as happy as his riders.

Let it be confessed: In its highest form the art of story-telling is a difficult one to master. It calls for imagination, but the imagination has to work under severe restrictions. To the great artist this only adds to the joy of the work, of course; but to those of humbler range, convention is a serious handicap. And our infant audiences are mercilessly conventional. They insist that a story shall be told for the fiftieth time as it was told for the first time. For every child who will be bored by the slaying of the familiar dragon in exactly the same number of sword-strokes, a dozen children will protest vehemently if the dragon is chopped up into forty pieces, instead of the thirty-

five pieces he was chopped up into last night. It is exactly as it was with the audiences for whom Sophocles and Euripides wrote. They knew the story by heart. There was no concrete surprise in store for them. They were interested in obtaining new emotional combinations out of the old material. How to be exact and yet be interesting, how to make familiar things fresh, how not to disappoint the giggle of delight that is waiting for the old man with a crooked leg to fall downstairs before it breaks out, how to work up with proper effect towards the little thrill of horror that shakes the little body when the giant's club just misses the head of the giant-slayer—it is an art which calls for effort and devotion, but which carries with it its own rewards.

So we repeat. Your parents of the future, provided with "Readings for the Very Young," may have an easier time of it when it comes to the children's hour of entertainment. But it will be at the cost of their own soul's entertainment. It will be the substitution of the phonograph for the living voice of Caruso or the living touch of Paderewski's fingers.

#### EUCKEN'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

##### I.

The sudden and widespread popularity of Eucken's philosophy in England and America;\* the personal impressiveness of the man; the fact that he is hailed everywhere, by the broader sort of theologians, by the more "tender-minded" of idealistic philosophers, and by all who are suffering from spiritual unrest, as a new saviour of religion and the soul; and finally his appointment as exchange-professor to Harvard for next year, when also Bergson comes to Columbia, both being leaders in the present war upon intellectualism—all these combine to make Eucken and his philosophy an object of special interest even to those who, like the present writer, have little sympathy for his mode of philosophizing. Eucken is now in his sixty-seventh year. Although his

\**Life's Basis and Life's Ideal: The Fundamentals of a New Philosophy of Life.* By Rudolf Eucken. Translated, with an Introductory Note, by Allan G. Wilder. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50 net.

*The Truth of Religion.* The same. Translated by W. Tudor Jones. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3 net.

*The Problem of Human Life as viewed by the Great Thinkers from Plato to the Present Time.* The same. Translated from the German by Williston S. Hough and W. H. Boyce Gibson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2 net.

*Religion and Life.* The same. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75c. net.

first work of importance appeared in 1878, his larger popularity is a matter of five or ten years past. His introduction to English readers dates mainly from 1909, when his best work, "Lebensanschauungen der grossen Denker," was translated under the (somewhat misleading) title of "The Problem of Human Life." In 1908 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, "for the most remarkable literary work of an idealistic nature." In the past four or five years translations, new editions, and new works, all upon the theme of the spiritual life, have appeared with bewildering rapidity, yet apparently not too rapidly for the demand. His translators, who, with possibly one exception, are his former pupils, all bear witness to his power of inspiring a warmly personal and at the same time reverential devotion. For them he is the prophet of a new religion, whose message will be incomprehensible except as it reveals the man. And they are doubtless specially justified in warning us that the impression to be derived from a translation will be necessarily inadequate.

For clearly one of the secrets of Eucken's influence, at least in his later works, is a certain impressive eloquence, a peculiarly German impressiveness, which is hardly reproduced in English. And it is particularly unfortunate that the translation which is least successful in this respect, though generally faithful, is that of "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal" (another misleading change of title—the original title would be "The Fundamentals of a New View of Life"), which we must regard as now the most authoritative statement of his point of view. Reading the translation alone, one would dismiss the work as doubtless full of edification, but colorless, unsubstantial, and intolerably monotonous. Yet the German is, if anything, rather vivid and rich, full of striking figures and of sentences that are rhythmical and well-formed. Indeed, it is the kind of style, when coupled with the constant suggestion of a revelation just beyond, to keep the reader turning page after page. Nor is it all a matter of style. Unquestionably Eucken has sounded the depths of our personal, let us say, our religious experience, and has meditated deeply upon the larger aspects of life; and if he were writing verse we should marvel at the depth and truth of his philosophical reflections.

But since he is writing prose, we marvel rather at the absence of reasoned and constructive argument. I will not say that there is no basis of idea. Rather, there is one idea, indeed a pregnant idea, which, however, remains ever pregnant, ever in process of gestation—the independence of the spiritual life, *die Selbstständigkeit des Geisteslebens*. Notwithstanding the systematic development announced in his ta-

bles of contents, a limited range of variations upon this theme constitutes (if we omit the historical works) the nearly unchanging content of every chapter, every volume, and almost of every page. In the series of works entitled "The Unity of the Spiritual Life," "The Struggle for a Spiritual Content of Life," "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal," and "The Meaning and Value of Life" (the last two have virtually identical tables of contents), it would be difficult to find many later passages which give the impression of saying anything new. All that we can make out is a gradual transition from a "personalistic" to an absolutistic point of view. We may say nearly the same if we add to the series "The Life of the Spirit" and the two books on the philosophy of religion. Everywhere we are greeted with the same message: modern culture is alien to spiritual ideals; the regeneration of life demands a complete repudiation of all existing philosophies and a deepening of the inner and spiritual. In all this he rarely or never descends to the level of concrete illustration or the consideration of an existing social or ethical problem. Yet he remains everywhere eloquent and impressive. Altogether, the impression left by a few hundred pages of the spiritual life is distinctly Wagnerian. One is tempted to think of a *Liebestod* very long extended. Yet I doubt if the *Liebestod* is without logical progression; and when Tristan dies he is dead. The spiritual life may always begin another volume.

## II.

Eucken's philosophy is a *Lebensanschauung*, or *Lebenssystem*, that is to say, not a system of metaphysics or a cosmology, but a view of life; and for him all other philosophies are so many life-systems. His own idea of life may be approached through his analysis of existing systems, in which, it may be noted, he is at his best. Among the older systems he has the highest regard for Christianity, which alone, he thinks, contains the elements of absolute religion. But Christianity now needs to be reconstructed in the light of modern thought. It must separate the substance of religion from its historical accidents, adopt a more virile tone, and emphasize the joyousness of the Christian life. There is no hope in modern idealism; this is an empty intellectualism which issues only in a vague and meaningless panpsychism. The typical product of intellectualism, however, is naturalism, the view of life offered by modern science. Naturalism plumes itself upon its appeal to positive fact; yet all the while it is unable to explain the fact of conscious life in the world or the relation of that life to nature. Socialism takes too mean a view of life. In reducing the life-problem to an economic problem, it makes the human all too human. So-

cialism, like naturalism, is the product of modern democracy and mediocrity. It is an average-man-every-day view of life (*die Durchschnittscultur des Alltages*), which makes reason the equivalent of social agreement. Socialism forgets that every deepening of life has grown out of individual independence—that, for example, it owes its own life to a few men "of vital power and character," such as Marx. As against the submission of spirit to nature which is implied in the systems of naturalism and socialism, aesthetic individualism attempts to reassert the independence of the spirit by seeking a realization of life in the enjoyment of art. This, however, is a mere pretence of independence; in reality it is a passive submission to moods and conditions. Such, then, are the existing life-systems as they appear to Eucken. With the exception of Christianity, all are in some way tainted with intellectualism and naturalism. Intellectualism begets naturalism, and naturalism presents us with a world which is foreign and hostile to the spirit.

If, now, a representative of naturalism should undertake to defend himself in the usual fashion, by an appeal to logic or to fact, Eucken would properly decline to reply. For, in his view, both logic and fact are departures from an original spiritual unity, and the only result to be expected from their guidance is more and more confusion. Yet in the meantime they point to a spiritual origin. The unity of nature postulated by natural science, the unity of society and of the personal self—in other words, the fact that men are able to deal with nature, to form and carry out plans, and to come to terms with one another—all this presupposes a spiritual basis underlying the life of nature and of man. Nor, in the end, is even naturalism a mere digression. It lies in the very nature of spirit that, in its progress towards a larger life, it should first divide and set up a world hostile and alien to itself. This is the negative stage, represented in our modern culture by a sharp opposition between the world and the spirit. But this only sets us the task of appropriating our world. We may not dismiss it as a final and insurmountable fact, taking refuge in our subjective consciousness, in the comfort of life or the enjoyment of art. Nor (though Eucken fails to show why) is any reconciliation to be expected from a further development of naturalistic logic. What is now demanded is a complete repudiation of this alien view of the world and a return to the spirit; yet not a return to the unity of the past, but rather a renewal of spiritual power in a higher synthesis and a new creative activity, such as mark the initiation of the great epochs of history. In brief, then, the present culture offers nothing but paradox, confusion, aliena-

tion, and division. No merely human and individualistic philosophy can save us—no considerations of self-preservation, social and economic welfare. The motive must be sought in a unity transcending nature, a universal, cosmic Life, in which "all walls of partition and all differences fall away" and our individual lives are both unified and finally realized in the personal life of God.

Thus far one might say that Eucken is simply a romantic edition of Fichte and Hegel. But in justice we must heed his denial. He points out that Hegel was an intellectualist, for whom the successive conflicts and reconciliations are simply so many terms in a syllogistic process the course of which was determined from the beginning. For Eucken each new epoch in the life of the world or of the soul is a new creation—never merely a deduction from antecedent terms, but a putting forth of new power which, in defiance of all the past, recreates the world. "It is by hard work alone in relation to men and to things that our life acquires a spiritual character." For this reason Eucken has adopted as the latest name for his philosophy the term "Activism"; and this power of dealing freely with the past, or with any alien terms, is what he chiefly means by "the independence of the spiritual life."

Hence, to give him his position among the philosophers, we might say that, as against Hegel, he holds activity rather than thought to be the essence of reality. But this means that, with Schopenhauer, Bergson, Nietzsche, the Pragmatists, and William James, he defends the rights of the will against the intellect. Yet he rejects the term voluntarism as too narrow and one-sided. He finds pragmatism "more inclined to shape the world and life in accordance with merely human conditions and needs than to invest spiritual activity with an independence in relation to them." Nietzsche is too much of an individualist and subjectivist and too rude and ill-tempered; and yet I think that Nietzsche is the one among all with whom he is in real sympathy. With Nietzsche he stands for the right of joyousness in life and for the supreme rights of genius; with him he condemns the Christian praise of pity and despises modern democracy; and the independence of the spiritual life is simply another edition of the transvaluation of all values. Like Nietzsche, again, he is a mystic, only an energetic rather than a quietistic mystic. No special insight is needed to grasp the significance of these comparisons. It is easy to see that Euckenism, in spite of its individual character, is also a true representative of what is just now uppermost in philosophical thought.

### III.

"The Independence of the spiritual

life"—can we give this expression any clear and concrete meaning, that is to say, any meaning not dependent upon special spiritual insight? Boyce Gibson \* finds the key to Eucken's meaning in his "spiritual conception of history," and, though I cannot see that the pupil is much clearer than the master, I shall endeavor to follow his suggestion. In the first place, "the spiritual life," though possibly the only phrase available, is a weak rendering of Eucken's *Geistesleben*. The term "spiritual" is too colorless and romantic, even when freed from pietistic associations. According to Eucken, the spiritual life is the intensively self-conscious life, the life which is intensively conscious of its own movement.

Now, with this in mind, we may grasp the spiritual conception of history. If, following an undeveloped suggestion of Eucken's, we raise the question, What is the difference between history as a mere movement in time and history as a movement conscious of its own movement? The question contains its own answer. The movement in time is a strictly determined chain of causation; at every instant the future is already determined by an irrevocable past. The father begets the son, the son the grandson. In a mere movement in time the son can do nothing but transfer the inheritance of the father. But now let the son clearly realize that he is a bearer of heredity; in that self-consciousness, according to Eucken, the whole situation is revolutionized. First, a discrete series of aims is replaced by a unity of aim. The dull and stupid man (*i.e.*, the man lacking in self-consciousness) acts from present impulse, caring not what the past was or what the future is to be; but any self-consciousness of the movement of life involves, so far, a comprehensive, an all-at-once, view of present, past, and future. But now, as Eucken holds, this increased comprehensiveness is, just in itself, a new power "inwardly" centred, which asserts itself in independence of the mere time-series of conditions. For me, conscious of where I stand in the time-series, the question is not wholly what my father was, but what I wish myself and my son to be. Nor is the past any longer an irrevocable and finally "hard" fact. Let it be what it may, I shall undertake to make of it what I will. Like a good chess-player, I engage to reply to any move of the outer facts, be they past or present, with a counter-move which shall give me my game. So of any present situation in the life of a nation. A nation conscious of its own history is thereby freed from the power of blind tradition. At the same time it may be more than ever bound to the past. But the bond

is no longer the compelling power of an irrevocable fact, but now the "inner" bond of sympathy and free choice. And thus, through the self-consciousness of its own movement, the life of the nation acquires an "inner" coherence and independence of the time-order of outer conditions, which is at the same time ever freshly creative. This inner independence is involved, then, in the difference between any movement in time and the same movement conscious of itself.

This, I trust, will serve to show what Eucken has before him, and also that he has something real before him, when he tells us, for instance, that a spiritual movement is a movement transcending time; or that every higher synthesis, or organization, of human activities is a new creation of a power transcending nature; or, again, that all the forces determining human life, as life, are spiritual forces. It is not difficult to see that the idea contains tempting possibilities for the philosophy of history and religion; and, in the case of Eucken, it imparts an intelligibility to much that would otherwise be mysterious, but which I am nevertheless unable to reproduce. More interesting from a temporal standpoint is the force that it gives to his criticisms of the historical and social sciences.

For what, for the most part, is our boasted historical method but the reduction of spiritual movements to time-series of events? Again, what economist pauses to consider the effect upon "economic laws" of the study of economics? And what criminologist, in his search for the cause and conditions of crime, thinks it worth his while to study crime as a self-conscious process? Perhaps it will be said that what is needed here is a little more psychology. I doubt, however, whether any of the sciences is more indifferent to the significance of consciousness than psychology itself, which, by the way, is a favorite object of Eucken's contempt. In spite of all criticisms, our psychology is still deeply rooted in the associational tradition that the mind is a time-series of states. When the psychologist is confronted with the fact that we are now directly conscious of the past, he simply invents a "memory-image" to represent the past in the present and keep the series discrete. The result is that, while our psychology is an excellent account of the relation of cards in a pack or, as Bergson has put it, of the relation of pictures in the cinematograph, it is utterly foreign to the life-experience of any human being.

Hence, I should say that, in his affirmation of the spiritual realities as against the social sciences, Eucken is preaching a doctrine of vital importance. For fifty years past, under the influence of the biological theory of evo-

\*Rudolf Eucken's *Philosophy of Life*. 2d ed. London, 1907.

lution, most of our theories of human life have been based upon the conception of the animal species. We hardly pause to reflect that, of all the species, man alone is capable of forming a history. And it can hardly be doubted that our forgetfulness of this most momentous of all distinctions has reacted unfavorably upon the tone of moral and social life. So far Eucken's criticism touches the point. If, however, we ask what he has done to make his criticism effective in the regions where it is most needed, the answer must be, nearly nothing. He has hardly taken the trouble to formulate it in a manner to compel recognition. Nor may we suppose that the formulation is quite clear to himself. Apparently his repugnance to modern science is the aristocratic repugnance of a gentleman to a tough, with whom a rough-and-tumble argument, conducted according to Aristotle's rules, would be unseemly and vulgar. Hence, he never grapples with his antagonist; and the result is that he lacks the stimulus and the contrast necessary to develop his conception of the spiritual beyond the iteration of a few very general aspects. Had he undertaken to state some of the concrete consequences of being intensively self-conscious, he could hardly have failed to include a clear perception of the world before us, the world of nature and of our fellowmen, and of our individual distinctness in and from that world. But then he must have admitted that neither intellectualism nor individualism is lacking in spiritual motive. Nor could he have failed to see that the despised democratic movement is itself the outcome of an awakened self-consciousness, and thus a true development of inner and spiritual power.

The same may be said of his criticism of natural science. Here, too, I think he shows a penetrating sense of the realities. Our imagination is so completely filled with the victories of science, as exhibited in antitoxines and aeroplanes, that we fail to note the paradox that these results are reached through a point of view which makes nature wholly indifferent to human aspirations. James says somewhere that no man can steadily contemplate the certainty of his own death. Just as little can a man fix his attention upon the universe as presented by cold-blooded science, especially as that universe is revealed by the modern telescope, without a desolating sense of the nothingness of human life. After all, are we not mere intruders? And, in the face of the "starry firmament without," what is left of "the moral law within"? Hence, as Eucken points out, beneath the comfort and splendor of our modern life there runs an undercurrent of pessimism as to the value of life itself.

But, here again, Eucken's anti-intellectualism blocks the only way out of

the difficulty. For the paradox is not merely ethical; it is a logical paradox as well. Modern science congratulates itself (perhaps too hastily) upon having drawn from its web the last shred of anthropomorphism, or animism. The question arises, then, whether it has not broken the last thread which would bind the world to our human imagination and make it humanly intelligible and knowable. And perhaps it is not irrelevant to note that the turmoil of ideals which, for Eucken, is characteristic of our modern culture is now paralleled by a similar turmoil in the field of scientific conceptions. If, however, we are to spiritualize—to humanize—our world, if we are with any confidence to reject the interpretations of naturalism and find in nature the justification of a more spiritual view of human life, one of the first things necessary is a painstaking analysis and reconstruction of the motives and conceptions of science—in other words, a new logic of science. And if, as Eucken teaches, the independence of the spirit is reached "by hard work alone in relation to men and to things," here, surely, is a task of a distinctively spiritual kind, calling for the finest talent and courage. A mere beginning here would go far to insure him against the charge, which he evidently apprehends, of romanticism and sentimentalism. It is evident, however, that the task is too technical for his tastes.

Such, then, is the independence of the spiritual life. I cannot admit, with Eucken's pupils, that, as the prophet of a new religion, he is not to be tied down to exact modes of thought and expression; for as a critic of philosophical movements, he challenges philosophical criticism. His conception of the spiritual is inarticulate and his criticism of science, ineffective. Nevertheless, his philosophy rests upon the firm grasp of an idea of immeasurable significance both for the philosophy of religion and for any comprehensive view of human life—the idea, namely, of the originality, the inner unity and independence, of any process so far as it is conscious of its own movement. Probably no other idea is more in need of consideration in the present state of thought.

WARNER FITE.

#### NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Society of the Dofobs, an association of book-collectors of Chicago, whose first publication, the "Love-Letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne," is one of the most valuable of book-club publications, has just issued a Byron book. This, like the Hawthorne letters, is a publication of manuscripts in the great W. K. Bixby collection.

The volume is a quarto, on Italian hand-made paper, printed at the De Vinne press, fifty-two copies only. The preface and comment are by W. N. C. Carlton, librarian

of the Newberry Library. The manuscripts of the poems, seven in number, are reproduced in exact facsimile even to the water-stains on the paper. Fortunately, these facsimiles are printed on one side of the sheet only, otherwise they might be expected to be offered upon the market some time in the future as original Byron autographs. These manuscripts were formerly in the possession of Mrs. Augusta Leigh, Byron's half-sister, by whom, in 1848, they were sold to John Dillon. Later they formed part of the collection of Sir Theodore Martin, and in 1902 were acquired by Mr. Bixby. Among them are four of the so-called *Thyrsa* poems:

"On the Death of—*Thyrsa*."  
"Away, away, ye notes of woe."

"*Stanzas to Thyrsa*."

"And thou art dead, so young and fair."

Mr. Carlton tells of the efforts of various editors to identify "*Thyrsa*," but he himself expresses no opinion, being, he says, "content to leave the question where Mrs. Leigh left it." She wrote, in 1848: "My brother told me no one knew who she was and evinced so mournful and deep a feeling at that question, I never ventured to repeat it."

Of equal interest are the reproductions of two poems addressed to his half-sister Augusta, beginning "Though the days of my glory are over" and "My sister, my sweet sister." The facsimiles show numerous and interesting differences between the text as originally written and that of the printed editions.

The volume also contains fourteen letters of Lord Byron, all, except a short extract from one letter, apparently here printed for the first time. There is, too, a list of the books which Byron seems to have taken with him on his last expedition to Greece—a list printed from the original manuscript dated at Zante, July 9, 1824. Reproductions of five portraits of Byron, two being from drawings by George Henry Harlow, add to the interest of the book.

From the Riccardi Press (whose books are published by the Macmillan Company) has just appeared "The Revival of Printing: A Bibliographical Catalogue of Works issued by the chief modern English Presses. With an Introductory Essay by Robert Steele." It is printed in one of Mr. Horne's types, the fourteen-point font, called the "Riccardi type." Three hundred and fifty copies have been printed on paper and twelve on vellum. There are nine collotype facsimiles of pages or portions of pages of representative books from the Kelmscott, Vale, and Essex House presses and letterpress facsimiles of pages from the Daniel, Ashendene, Cuala, Merrymount, and other presses. The "bibliographical catalogue" is little more than a list. Minor items, such as catalogues, leaflets, etc., printed at several of the presses are undescribed. These nugae, though of no importance in the development of printing, are sought after by collectors of books from private presses.

Mr. Steele, in his Introduction, bewails the fact that the "revival" of printing has had so little effect upon every-day printing. He says: "As far as regards newspapers and periodicals it has had no influence whatever. One weekly review alone is printed in an acceptable type—one newspaper has adopted a less disagreeable one

than the others. In book-printing, by the side of a certain amount of unintelligent copying and mere plagiarism, there is a genuine attempt to get a better result from existing materials and the first trace of public appreciation of this effort."

## Correspondence

### NEWSPAPERS AND HISTORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every one is familiar with the extensive use of newspapers made by the most recent school of historians, especially in dealing with American history. Mr. Rhoden's admirable practice in this matter is of no less force than his specific argument upon it. Used with tact and discretion like his, the newspaper of a past age may be made to yield not only important facts, but even more precious insight into the public tone of mind in viewing and dealing with those facts. Nevertheless, when one remembers how largely the accounts of the first half of the nineteenth century are based on the record of the daily journals, it is interesting to turn to a passage in which Jefferson (Works, Ford, IX, 73)—doubtless generalizing too freely, as he was somewhat inclined to do—brands the yellow journalism of his day in terms which would hardly be thought too severe for the most advanced description of the article at present:

Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle. The real extent of this state of misinformation is known only to those who are in situations to confront facts within their knowledge with the lies of the day. I really look with commiseration over the great body of my fellow-citizens, who, reading newspapers, live and die in the belief, that they have known something of what has been passing in the world in their time; whereas the accounts they have read in newspapers are just as true a history of any other period of the world as of the present, except that the real names of the day are affixed to their fables. General facts may indeed be collected from them, such as that Europe is now at war, that Bonaparte has been a successful warrior, that he has subjected a great portion of Europe to his will, etc., etc.; but no details can be relied on. I will add, that the man who never looks into a newspaper is better informed than he who reads them; inasmuch as he who knows nothing is nearer to truth than he whose mind is filled with falsehoods and errors.

This was written in 1807. Have we improved or derogated in a hundred years?

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., July 5.

### NATIONAL VERSUS INDIVIDUAL MORALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* always finds space in its columns to denounce and scourge crime and wrongdoing in the individual—be the wrong-doer a unit or a mob made up of many units. Experience shows that the mob is generally inspired or incited by a single master mind or leader, without whose leadership it would lack cohesion to achieve the maximum of mischief. Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly possesses the qualifications of mob leadership in a superlative degree.

Whether, by the time this comes to your eye, Mr. Roosevelt has been defeated or is a Presidential nominee, does not affect the truth of his having an enormous following among the American people.

Mr. Roosevelt, by a single act of his career—the theft of the Panama Canal zone—branded himself, although the courts of law have not, as a common felon; and no amount of casuistry or specious pleas as to "eminent domain" or "greatest good to the greatest number" can alter the moral iniquity of that crime. If it were merely an error of judgment, subsequently regretted and repented of, it might be condoned; on the contrary, unless he is grievously misquoted, Mr. Roosevelt has gloried and taken pride in the act which can be described most dispassionately as both cowardly and thievish.

Now the fact remains that he, and by inference, his code of morals, are endorsed by about half of the American people. If he happens to be defeated before the Convention, or at the polls next November, the newspaper verdict will be that "the people can be depended upon in the final analysis to do the right thing." That may mean that 55 per cent. of them have a clean-cut conception of a correct standard of morals. It might also exhibit the melancholy fact that 45 per cent. had no such ideals. They would reject Mr. Roosevelt with scorn if it were proved that he cut a purse or belabored a helpless cripple with a club. But condoning virtually identical acts, more reprehensible if anything because of the protection afforded by his exalted official status, would clearly show that the attitude taken by the *Nation* as to a uniform and inflexible standard of morals, admitting of no juggling with differences between the acts of the layman and the official, is not the attitude of a large percentage of the American people, nor of more than 50 per cent. of them if Mr. Roosevelt happens to be our next President.

WM. S. LYON.

Manila, May 20.

### DICKENS'S "TYPICAL AMERICAN."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In these centenary days of Dickens, I have found even his "American Notes" to repay a re-reading. Less and less does it live up to Hood's original praise as "good sense, good feeling, good fun, and good writing"; more and more just appears Macaulay's estimate of it as containing "several good dialogues and excellent descriptions though, on the whole, a sad failure as giving a true impression of things goes." But there is a deal between its covers that is genuinely amusing, and, after all, accurate enough of those days in the early forties of the last century.

Take, for instance, the thumb-nail sketch of what "Boz" evidently held to be a typical American. He met him on a Pittsburgh canal boat, when the passengers of two of those leisurely craft were, at a certain stage of the trip, put into one vessel, which became badly overcrowded. There was then, as there would be now, not a little grumbling among those whose engaged quarters were thus cramped by the incoming of the travelers from the disabled boat, but no one made anything like a formal protest till a quiet little man, whom nobody had noticed before, suddenly cleft

a passage among the people, and, without addressing any one in particular, began a soliloquy, as follows: "This may suit you, this may, but it don't suit me. This may be all very well with down-easters and men of Boston raising, but it won't suit my figure nohow; and no two ways 'bout that; and so I tell you. Now, I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am, and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where I live, the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, I am. I ain't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth-skins where I live. We're rough men out there. Rather. If down-easters and men of Boston raising like this, I'm glad of it, but I'm none of that raising nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing, it does. I'm the wrong sort of man for 'em, I am. They won't like me, they won't. This is piling of it up a little too mountainous, this is."

At the end of each of these terse outbursts the little fellow would turn on his heel and start off the other way, checking himself quite as abruptly as he reached the close of the next short sentence, and again turning back. The narrator goes on to write:

It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of the brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was actually put back to the wharf, and as many of the unfortunate "Pioneer" people as could be coaxed or bullied into going ashore were got rid of. Before we had again put off, a number of his companions tried to thank the little man, but he waved aside their "Much obliged" with "No, you ain't. You're none of my raisings. You may act for yourselves, you may. I've McIntosh the way. Down-easters and Johnny Cakes can follow if they please. I ain't a Johnny Cake, I ain't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am."

Everybody made way for him, giving him the chair at the head table which was nearest the antiquated old stove, and Dickens adds: "I could never find out that he did anything but sit there, nor did I hear him speak again until, in getting ashore at Pittsburgh, I stumbled over him as he sat on the cabin steps, and caught him muttering to himself with a short laugh of defiance: 'I ain't a Johnny Cake, I ain't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am.'" WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

Avalon, N. J., June 26.

### VISUAL LESSONS IN MORALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I have space in your columns to call attention to a new and interesting experiment in education?

In our schools we demand for our children the best science, history, English that we can procure—science, history, English of the world at large. But in morals the majority of our children have only the kind that prevails in side streets. How does a gentleman behave in sports? What is the right kind of thrift? Who will answer those questions for the boy or girl? The home whence he or she comes, the companions he or she happens to have. We should not regard these as good authorities in any other subject.

To supply this lack is the aim of the visual lessons in morals, as devised by Mr. Milton Fairchild of Baltimore, with which

experiments have recently been made in several cities. The purpose is not to create scenes and actions for the occasion, but to draw upon material taken from life which shall be pertinent and real. The result is moral teaching based not upon mere theory, but rather upon sound ideas in actual application. The boys and girls see in the illustrations upon the screen the principle exemplified, acted out, as it were, in real life. It becomes amazingly a part of the child's personal experience.

These lessons are not merely entertainment; nor are they made primarily entertaining. But treated seriously as "lessons," they hold the children closely and make them think. They are given in school time by trained persons, they are a part of the curriculum, and the teachers of the school follow up the lessons in various ways.

Well, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Certainly, the experiment with this system in Syracuse, which was instituted by our local Harvard Club with the coöperation of the School Board, has met with signal success. Full results can be known only after years of experience; but we feel more than satisfied with our one trial, and are firmly bent upon repeating it. The idea of visual instruction in morals is large and sound, and it should be widely tried.

HORACE A. EATON.

Syracuse, N. Y., June 21.

#### KEATS AND CARTWRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two poets more dissimilar in spirit and manner than William Cartwright (1611-1643) and John Keats can hardly be imagined, yet there is a singular correspondence (hitherto unnoticed, I believe) between certain lines of the former and one of the most admired passages in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" (lines 8-14):

What men or gods are these? what maidens loth?  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on:  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare.

Two points in this passage will strike the attentive reader after a moment's reflection. One is the half exclamatory, half interrogative repetition of *what*; the other is the idea of a silent music, here represented as sweeter than that which the ear perceives. Keats is so pleased with these elements of his poem that he repeats both before the close. Thus, in stanza IV:

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that beauteous bairn at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
What little town by river or sea shore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of this folk, this plious morn?

And, for the other, we have in stanza III:

And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new.

Now Cartwright, not once only, exemplifies each of these devices, though his silent music, it is true, is not identical in character with that of Keats. The edition from which I quote, the only one yet published, is that issued by Humphrey Moseley in 1651. Here

we have (p. 289) the noticeable parallel in manner:

What mean those glorious pairs?  
That youth? that Virgin? those all drest?  
The whole, and every face a feast?

Cartwright likes to think of the members or lineaments of the women whom he celebrates as ordered and harmonized like music. Thus (p. 209):

Whose parts are with such Graces Crown'd,  
That th're are that Musick without sound.

And again (p. 303):

Her very looks were tune, we might descry  
Consort, and Judge of Musick by the Eye:  
So that in Others that which we call Fair,  
In her was Composition and good Air.

In one passage the device of the repeated *what* and the idea of the silent music of the face or the bodily frame are united (p. 300):

What Morns did from her smiling rise?  
What day was gather'd in her Eyes?  
What Air? what Truth? what Art?  
What Musick in each Part?  
What Grace? what motion? and what skill?  
How all by manage doubled still?

We have no independent evidence that Keats had read Cartwright, though, not to mention Chapman, Shakespeare, and Milton, it is known or believed that he was acquainted with Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Marston, Donne, Drayton, and William Browne.

ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, June 28.

## Literature

### DOSTOIEVSKY.

A Great Russian Realist: *Feodor Dostoevsky*. By J. A. T. Lloyd. New York: John Lane Co. \$3.50 net.

The Brothers Karamazov. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Lloyd's biographical study has been followed within a few weeks by the first volume of what is planned to be a complete and unabridged translation of the novels of Dostoevsky. Evidently we are on the eve of a revival of interest in the man who by general consent holds a place by the side of Tolstoy and Turgeneff among Russian prose writers. Dostoevsky died in 1881. Five years later the Vicomte de Vogüé published his famous book on the Russian novelists, and within the next ten years Dostoevsky, like his two great contemporaries, attained a full measure of success in Western Europe. His principal novels were translated into English, though for the most part in garbled form. But whereas the fame of Turgeneff has remained constant, and Tolstoy has overshadowed the world, Dostoevsky's popularity during the last twenty years has undergone a sharp decline outside of Russia. Of all his books "Crime and Punishment" has remained fairly familiar. Perhaps also the autobiographical "Memoirs of a House of Death" should be mentioned.

One reason for this loss of popularity may be found in the formidable competition of Tolstoy. If Turgeneff escaped eclipse it was because his supreme artistry did not come into competition with Tolstoy, whose triumphs were primarily those of the mystic and moralist. But Dostoevsky lacked the preserving gift of high artistic form. He was just enough like Tolstoy in his moral outlook and his message to be his rival; and on the artistic side he was Tolstoy's inferior. If, after twenty years, there has been a reawakening of interest in Dostoevsky, it must be partly in sheer reaction against the predominance of Tolstoy. But to a very considerable degree it must also be that the late revolutionary outbreak in Russia, by letting loose the elemental passions in a full play of massacre, assassination, and civil war, has brought to the front the man who above all others found his preoccupation in the daemonic capacities of the Russian spirit. The younger generation of Russian novelists, Gorky, Andreef, Artsibashoff, stand in much closer relation to Dostoevsky than to Tolstoy or Turgeneff. Andreef's "The Seven Who Were Hanged" is of the stuff that Dostoevsky's own studies in horror and psychological analysis were made of.

The earlier chapters of Mr. Lloyd's book arouse misgiving. They are badly planned. Before the writer has laid his foundation of fact he is busy framing estimates and conclusions. There is a long-drawn-out parallel with Gustave Flaubert that leads nowhere. The frequent tirades against Mrs. Grundy might easily be spared. Mr. Lloyd has an irritating habit of running away from a specific topic to indulge in broad discussions of Dostoevsky's genius. This demands citation from his author at large, and results in the confusion of individual works and dates. To one familiar with the subject the method presents no great difficulties, but the general reader will have to feel his way through a tangled chronology. It would also have been better if Mr. Lloyd, in dealing with the separate novels, had furnished us with a brief scenario before taking up his analysis. As it is, the reader is left to piece out the story for himself, now and then with insufficient data. All this is said less in criticism of Mr. Lloyd than in justice to him. For it would be a pity to let first impressions deter one from making complete acquaintance with a book which improves rapidly as it goes on, and ends by being a highly successful piece of biographical and critical literature.

It does not follow that we are bound to subscribe to the writer's opinions and judgments in individual cases. We do not, for example, believe that Dostoevsky attained "his final utterance" in his last novel, "The Brothers Kara-

mazoff." In boldness of conception this might very well rank as the author's masterpiece. Its mere length is impressive; nearly half a million words, one should say, and that but a fragment. But unfortunately the execution fell far short of the plan. Dostoevsky's worst faults show here in exaggerated form. The book is ill-jointed and fearfully verbose. Its analysis of character degenerates too frequently into psychological acrobatics. Mr. Lloyd believes that in "The Brothers Karamazoff" the author outdid himself "in depth, in the sensing of what lies beyond the barriers of logic, in the divination of unuttered and unutterable secrets." One might as well be frank and admit that Dostoevsky in this book frequently loses himself in the meshes of his own word spinning. The personality of his men and women is in danger of being diluted in the verbal flow. The search of the interplay of motive can be carried to the point of subtlety where character disappears and only the shifting impulses of the moment remain. There are in "The Brothers Karamazoff" pages of extraordinary depth and poignancy. There is one scene which, for pathos, it would be very hard to match in modern fiction. But of the book as a whole, it must be said that it exemplifies Dostoevsky's common fault in choosing to be the chronicler of the soul instead of its historian.

But if one disagrees with Mr. Lloyd in this one instance and elsewhere, it is still true that he nearly always makes out a good case for himself. His chapter on "Crime and Punishment" is very good. His chapter on "The Idiot," is still better; it is the best in the book. In every chapter one must give the writer credit for a thorough familiarity with his subject and his happy gift of selection, an important feature in a book that should serve to reintroduce a great writer to a foreign public.

#### CURRENT FICTION.

*Our Little Town.* By Charles Lee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

*The Widow Woman.* The same.

*Paul Carah, Cornishman.* The same.

The house of Dutton has been fortunate in its introductions of new English writers to the American audience. It is always a little astonishing that such discoveries should be possible. The means of communication between England and America are now tolerably good. Literary news, like other news, is, one would think, common property on both sides of the water. Even minor gossip about books and authors is now cabled or sent by wireless to our more enterprising journals. And yet, once a year or so, some accomplished writer, with a string of books to his credit, is suddenly produced, like a rabbit from a hat,

and held up for our wonder and praise. It is good for us, no doubt, this occasional reminder that old England has still a thing or two up her sleeve. It was not so long ago that Arnold Bennett flashed upon our astonished vision. More recently has come the Irish illumination of G. A. Birmingham; and now the Cornish shore receives a new interpreter in a Charles Lee, of whom the American reader has never heard before, but of whom he will wish to hear again.

Cornwall has not lacked celebrants, from Hawker to "Q," but none of them has approached the Cornish coast village in quite Mr. Lee's vein—a vein of quiet, dry humor—humor of a quality now growing a little old-fashioned. "Our Little Town" is presented in a series of sketches which recalls Mr. Barrie's "Auld Licht Idyls" and "A Window in Thrums." The village worthies and unworthies are painted singly and in groups, with a light, affectionate touch, and for the most part from their own point of view. In "The Widow Woman," which is hardly more than a short story, though it is published as a novel, the writer uses a somewhat coarser pen, and produces a more broadly humorous sketch—in substance more like W. W. Jacobs than Mr. Barrie. "Paul Carah, Cornishman" is a story on a larger scale. The hero is a young Cornishman, who, after an absence in America of some years, returns to his native village, intending to cut a dash. He is a Gascon in temperament, a natural braggart, and egotist. He is not received with the enthusiasm he has looked for, and has a struggle to make any place at all for himself in the self-satisfied and skeptical little community in which he has expected to find himself so important. In the end his conceit and foolhardiness involve him in a smuggling scheme which makes him the tool of a designing shopkeeper. Paul goes to jail; but emerges in due season as cool if not as jaunty as ever, and leaves the pair who have really opened their hearts to him—an old man's heart and a girl's—with hardly a qualm—his face turned eagerly towards fresh and, let us hope, even more disciplinary adventures. Again, the comparison with Barrie suggests itself: Paul Carah is closely akin to Sentimental Tommy, and his creator, in a cheerful ruthlessness of portraiture, brings the reader once again to a state of pleasing confusion as to whether to love the hero or despise him.

*From the South of France.* By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: Harper & Bros.

"A Book of Widows" would be a not inappropriate title for these five Provençal tales, since each of them deals with a widow and her more or less successful further adventures towards matrimony. In tone the stories range from

the delicate half-humorous sentiment of "The Roses of Monsieur Alphonse" to the clever farce of "A Consolate Giantess." They are all written from a point of view of sympathetic detachment, and the light of the Comic Spirit is over them. The charming Madame Bellarmine is able to renew the romance of her youth; poor Madame Beaumelle, with just as good a will, fails in her attempt, owing to the unfortunate circumstance of her having nearly doubled in size. Madame Jolicoeur is helped in deciding between her two lovers by her admirable Persian cat. The Consolate Giantess, who owns a travelling zoological exhibit, is a sort of highly proper and sentimental Wife of Bath, with this advantage over her prototype, that she owns a lion who periodically eats her husbands, and thus increases his value as a show attraction.

As the title suggests, all the stories are decked out—perhaps a trifle too gayly—with local color; they have "Provincial roses on their razed shoes." They give the impression of careful arrangement and finish: sometimes the finish is a little too obvious. The style, though at times it is rather aggressively reminiscent of French idiom, has both distinction and charm, and the dialogue is invariably delightful.

*Tales of a Greek Island.* By Julia D. Dragoumis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Within the covers of this book lies an hour of refreshing absence from that number of things that tend to make us all as unhappy as kings. In the island of Poros are not only its classic associations and its enchanting scenery, climate, and coloring, but a beneficent dearth of motors, carriages, and even of roads. To walk and climb and sail under perfect skies with mountains and the sea for patron saints is the happy occupation of the visitor to this favored corner of Greece. For the natives there are fishing and olive-growing, orange-packing, raisin-gathering, and lemon-raising; bawing of wood and drawing of water. For them life is laborious and often darkly shadowed, but the kindness, courtesy, and love of beauty in every Poriot's nature make these islanders attractive figures. Mrs. Dragoumis writes of them with the knowledge born of sympathetic listening. "District visiting as practiced in England is quite unknown." But she listens to the men who work on her husband's property and to the women at their tasks in the fields and gardens, and hears "much of their lives and their thoughts and sayings." She keenly sees the pathos in their lives and the poetry in their natures, and the likeness to the ancient Greek in language and expression and often in type. Her figures appear and reappear in her stories and become old friends for the reader.

Young and old, foolish and wise, oppressive and neighborly, they are vividly real. Especially delightful is the prominent figure of old Kyra Sophoula, wisest, shrewdest, kindest of women, with a helping hand for every one in need, a word of counsel for the perplexed, and a sting for the cruel.

*Ensign Russell.* By David Gray. New York: The Century Co.

The world never grows tired of this sort of story—the sort which relates to naval and military adventure, preferably in the tropics, where the adventure, however thrilling, is of less interest to the reader for itself than for its effect on the development of some good-looking young officer. Six such stories are here told with great spirit, in rapid-fire style, as direct as a bullet. In the capital opening story, Ensign Russell's courage comes to him. In the second he is shown as amply captain of his soul. Made by his commanding officer the instrument of a grim retaliatory joke on a fat, foolish, insolent politician, the Ensign, bettering instruction, brings confusion to the member of Congress and amazement to his chief, after the fashion that we who sit at home at ease do dearly love. Next, he falls into and out of his first undying passion. Later, in rather less effective adventure, he coaches a racing crew and confounds the Britisher. Finally, he and events convince a missionary who would abolish war that civilian and soldier alike have much to learn. The last story, dealing with an ingeniously tangled affair of murder and fellow-feeling, dispenses with Ensign Russell's presence but provides Capt. John Dare, who, though older, is just as good.

#### RELIGIOUS DISSENT IN ENGLAND.

*The Early English Dissenters in the Light of Recent Research (1550-1641).* By Champlain Burrage. Two volumes. Illustrated with facsimiles. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.50 net.

The stimulus given to the study of the history of the radical protestant sects in England by the researches of Mr. Waddington and Mr. Dexter has happily roused the energies of a growing number of students anxious to take up the mantle of the older champions. Professor Walker, Edward Arber, Dr. Dale, Dr. Lofton, and others have certainly carried on the work in an admirable spirit and with considerable success. One of the most recent additions to their ranks is Mr. Burrage, an American, who has capably edited several interesting documents and written some brief papers during the last few years. He now attempts an extended treatment of the whole subject of English Dissent, of which the present two volumes are the first installment.

After demonstrating that separatism did not rise from English Anabaptists in Henry's and Edward's reigns, he traces with a wealth of personal and bibliographical detail the history of the leaders and their congregations from 1567 to 1641. He concludes that Browne can fairly be called the Father of Congregationalism; that the first Baptists appeared about 1590, though the first to baptize by immersion did not appear till 1641; and that the Independency of the Civil War must be traced to the congregations which Jacob, Peters, Hooker, and Davenport founded on the Continent after 1605; from the Continent they carried the seed to America and thence brought it to England. (I, 33, 360.)

Mr. Burrage has dealt, however, with only those parts of separatist history before 1641 which he felt had not been adequately treated already. He also limits his bibliography to works written by Baptists and Congregationalists, and seems to have confined his researches pretty closely to a study of the source material provided by the separatists themselves. The excellent critical apparatus is one of the most imposing we have seen; but it is almost too much in evidence; the indication of the number of fonts of type used on the title pages of tracts, the use of "vv" for "w," are such extreme examples of accuracy of citation that we should not be surprised to learn that Mr. Burrage wrote his book with quills and blotted it with sand. At least half of the text of the first volume and the whole of the second is occupied with quotations, the reproduction in full of the titles of tracts, or bibliographical notes. It is on the whole admirably done, but the trees, we fear, have obscured the forest. Indeed, Mr. Burrage seems to have suspected as much, for he has listed at the beginning of his first volume the contributions he thinks his book makes, apparently in order that his critics may find them. Of sixty-four contributions, thirty-five are genealogical and twenty-one bibliographical. On the whole, the amount of new material of the first class is not considerable.

Close scrutiny convinces us that the first impression produced by this scrupulous reproduction of minute detail is not an altogether safe criterion of the completeness and accuracy of Mr. Burrage's research. We miss the use or mention of such important manuscript collections as the Morrice MSS. and the Gurney MSS.; of the considerable amount of new material about Jacob and other leaders, whose lives Mr. Burrage is studying, cited or printed in Usher's "Reconstruction of the English Church." Indeed, the whole literature of the subject as written by Churchmen he excludes from consideration (I, 1), and leaves indications which lead us to

doubt his knowledge of its contents. It is difficult otherwise to explain the inadequacy of his "foreword"; his apparent surprise at learning that the Privy Council interfered in ecclesiastical affairs (I, 38, 39), and his general failure to understand the relation of separatist history to the history of the church and to general political and constitutional history. Surely, too, his bibliographical comments (I, 1-21) and his notes of libraries are not sufficiently new or critical to be printed in volumes so obviously intended for specialists.

In an author who is so anxious to give his reader the quotation exactly as he finds it that he reproduces even the typographical peculiarities, it is astonishing to find him freely interlarding his quotations with bracketed suggestions as to the meaning of such significant words as "church" and "Puritan," with the evident intention of influencing the reader's interpretation of the document. (I, 180, 186, 192, 197, etc.) In one instance (I, 361-362), the author of the tract uses the words "Brownist" twice, and Mr. Burrage informs the reader that he really meant "Barrowist" the second time! He also attempts (I, 80), to correct a contemporary statement that certain men were "all" members of the High Commission, and quotes Dr. Dixon as authority. But a glance at the list of commissioners in as familiar a book as Prothero's "Select Statutes," 233, would have saved him an error. We have dealt with these minor matters because such extravagant care in detail raises a presumption of his absolute accuracy which is more than likely to impose on the casual reader, and lead him to believe Mr. Burrage impeccable. None of the faults we have indicated are vital, but we venture to think they are all at least as important as most of those on which Mr. Burrage himself spends so much time.

Nevertheless, Mr. Burrage has rendered important service by printing so large a collection of sifted and verified facts for the use of future students and by making accessible to all many letters and papers hitherto at the disposal of a very few. We cannot agree with him that he has written a history of dissent to the year 1641. The narrative is too scanty and too incomplete; the perspective wholly lacking; the text too crowded with material which belonged in his foot-notes or appendix to convey to the general reader any connected notion of the story. Nor does Mr. Burrage seem to realize the significance of his own evidence, which proves many substantive facts of great importance not listed among his contributions or stated in the text. To our thinking, for instance, he has thrown a flood of light on the origin of the Quakers, for his evidence proves that the ground was well prepared for Fox by the advancement

of many of his ideas by the most radical separatists, at least a generation before he announced them. Nor do we find Mr. Burrage's suggestion as to the origin of Independency during the Civil War convincing; it wholly fails to account for its strength and his explanation of the rise of its ideals is not much better. While praising his diligence, and fully recognizing his eminence as an antiquarian and genealogist, we doubt his capacity as a historian.

*Napoleon and King Murat.* By Albert Espitalier. Translated from the French by J. Lewis May. New York: John Lane Co. \$4 net.

In the summer of 1808 Joachim Murat and Caroline Bonaparte became King and Queen of Naples by the grace of Napoleon. Heralded by a most brilliant military reputation, King Murat made his entry into Naples amid *vivas* of unbounded enthusiasm. His plumes, his horses, his outward magnificence took the fancy of the beauty-loving Neapolitan loungers. He in turn was stirred in his vanity and ambition by their flattery and admiration. On the shore of the Bay of Naples, in that centre of *far figura*, of artificial pose, his vanity threw as in a hot-house. His ambition began to soar. He dreamed of adding Sicily to his kingdom, and even of uniting all Italy under his sceptre, not because he patriotically burned with a noble zeal for a free and united Italy, but because Italian Unity seemed to afford him personally a means of gratifying his ambitions and exalting his vanity. It was inevitable that such ambitions should lead him into conflict with Napoleon and along the fatal path which leads from ingratitude to treachery. Queen Caroline, saner, cooler, and more diplomatic than her husband, many times intervened to restrain him and to pacify her imperial brother. But when Napoleon's fortune began to waver after the disasters of the Russian Campaign, the seeds of ambition and treachery developed in her breast also; even before his defeat at Leipzig she made use of her authority as Regent at Naples to take steps to join the allies against him. King Murat himself, with bombastic protestations of everlasting devotion to his benefactor, had accompanied the Russian expedition and led the cavalry magnificently. But after the decisive failure of the French at Leipzig, Murat secretly sent word to Metternich that he would desert to the side of the allies if they would recognize him as King of Naples and of Sicily or the equivalent of Sicily. During the eighteen months which followed, Murat carried on despicable double-dealing with Metternich and with Napoleon, pretending to be the friend of each, but trying to use the difficulties of each as

a lever to raise himself to the headship of a united Italy. For a brief moment in the early part of 1814 his policy of deceit seemed about to be crowned with success; in reality it exposed his untrustworthiness and his impotence; in 1815 he was a fugitive from Italy, toppled from his throne by Metternich and spurned by Napoleon.

M. Espitalier, on the basis of careful research, mainly in the archives of Paris and Naples, has laid bare with scholarly accuracy the shallow deceptions and tortuous policies which were dictated by the colossal vanity and foolish ambitions of this quondam King of Naples. Some of this ground has already been traversed in the French works of Edouard Driault and Commandant Weil. But M. Espitalier goes into greater detail on many points; by correcting the chronology of certain secret negotiations he has shown for the first time in their proper sequence several obscure events, and made thereby a distinct contribution to the literature of the Napoleonic period. The English translation is unusually good and not without literary merits of its own; it gives something of the flavor of Murat's curious epistolary performances.

*The Principles of Bond Investment.* By Lawrence Chamberlain. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$5 net.

It ill becomes us, says Lawrence Chamberlain, to leave the principles of bond investment, as we have left so many other financial principles, to the dissertations of French economists. Yet scholarly treatises on this subject in English are rare. Prior to the appearance of the work before us, it would have been difficult to point to one such treatise that was complete in technical details, ample in historical allusion, and satisfactory in its literary features. An extended work possessing all these qualities is entitled to a very cordial reception.

An exceptional interest should attach to the negotiable bond in the minds of Americans, for, as Mr. Chamberlain reminds us, it was reserved for the New World to develop to the full the sealed instrument's latent capabilities. A security still virtually unknown to English common law, the modern negotiable bond "was conceived in the peculiar necessities of early American finance, and bravely and wisely nurtured by the Federal courts." To what stature it has already attained will be seen from the early chapters of this book. Here an effort has successfully been made to seize the fundamental principles of investment and to show how aptly bonds conform to them. The importance of bonds as a channel of investment is illustrated by the extension of jurisprudence within the past half-century to embrace the exigencies arising

from this new mode of financing.

The second of the four divisions into which this work of 550 pages falls is concerned with civil loans. It is followed by a discussion of corporation loans, and, last of all, there are chapters on the mathematics and movement of bond prices. A unique feature of the book is the fact that, while its subjects are treated with the precision that one would look for in a manual or textbook of a dry science, the reader is always conscious that he is in the presence of the greatest forces of national development. Indeed, this may almost be characterized as a tract for the times. In the material life of the world, and particularly of this country, there is to-day no larger question than that of public and corporation indebtedness. A structure of indebtedness has been created whose foundations need to be safeguarded with the incessant care that is devoted to the dikes of Holland. This book is, in all its implications, a reminder of that fact.

We see this clearly in the chapter on State debts. Mr. Chamberlain, after speaking of the honorable history of our national debt, and particularly of the payment of the debt in 1835, says that it is not surprising that the conditions which made possible the extinction of the national debt should effect an opposite result upon State debt. The national moral consciousness, he contends, "has always been more sensitive and more sober than that of the constituencies." There seems to be a closer connection between magnitude and integrity in American political units. The national moral consciousness seized upon the seven fat years beginning before 1830, to discharge the national obligations, and even to distribute surplus revenues to the States. But the States, for their part, saw in their own swelling revenues only an opportunity to embark in speculative enterprises of internal improvement upon such a vast scale, and by means of such enormous bond issues, that in some cases a tax of hundreds of dollars per capita would have been necessary to liquidate them.

Equally pertinent is this succinct characterization of railways and their securities:

The fact that this immense railroad carrier business has gradually lifted itself from a pane of business adventure and financial piracy to that of a national institution--not only for transportation, but for investment--and that this semi-public business is intimately associated with almost every phase of the nation's well-being, is a sufficient guaranty that, in the main, governmental regulation of this business, especially by the Federal authorities, will work toward a better conduct of transportation and more certain elements of stability and value in railway securities.

It is needless to say that Mr. Chamberlain's association with bond investment entitles him to speak with author-

ity on the technique of that business. Bonds of every character are here discussed, as well as the functions of bond houses. In the form of an appendix we find a chapter on The Gamble in Governments by National Banks, by Prof. W. H. Lyon of Dartmouth, reprinted from *Moody's Magazine*.

## Notes

John Galsworthy will bring out, through Heinemann, a new volume of essays, "The Inn of Tranquillity."

Putnam is about to issue "The Power of the Federal Judiciary over Legislation," by J. Hampden Dougherty.

"A Man's World," a novel of New York life by Albert Edwards, will be brought out this month by Macmillan.

"The Lady of the Decoration" is to be continued. The sequel—telling what happened to "The Lady" after her marriage—will be published by the Century Co. in the autumn.

Routledge & Co. have in hand "A Zola Dictionary" of characters and scenes found in the Rougon-Macquart novels.

Oxford books in preparation, announced by Frowde, include: "A Concordance to Dante's Latin Works," by E. K. Rand and E. H. Wilkins; "Problems of the Roman Criminal Law," by J. L. Strachan-Davidson; "The Science of Etymology," by W. W. Skeat; "Demosthenes's Public Speeches," translated by A. W. Pickard-Cambridge; "Tacitus's Histories," translated by W. Hamilton Fyfe, and "Philostratus's Apollonius of Tyana," translated by J. S. Philolimore.

Among the forthcoming books of Longmans, Green, & Co. are: "Miriam Lucas," by Canon P. A. Sheehan; "Catherine Sidney," a novel by Francis Deming Hoyt; "The Three Sisters of Lord Russell of Killowen: Sketches of Convent Life," by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.; "The Authority of Religious Experience," by the Rev. Charles Lewis Slattery; "Creation and Man," by the Rev. Francis J. Hall; "Toys and Toy-Making," by George Johnson; and "The Inner History of the National Convention," by Sir Edgar Walton.

The Hampton Negro Conference will be held at Hampton Institute July 17 and 18.

"Descriptive Writing" (Macmillan), by Prof. E. M. Albright, is a book of 275 pages, 175 of which are devoted to illustrative selections. In the hands of the instructor the book will serve a purpose, but in the hands of the student it will be unwieldy and misleading. The importance of description in composition courses, though it is recognized generally, can surely be exaggerated. As a companion volume to that by Professor Albright, the Macmillan Company has published "Expository Writing," by Prof. M. G. Fulton. Following an introduction of thirty-four pages are selections that cover 550 pages, classified according to the principles illustrated, and various enough to suit the demands of well-nigh any instructor.

The Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company of Chicago has printed at the Alderbrink

Press in an edition of 400 copies on paper and ten copies on Japan vellum Maurice Hewlett's "The Birth of Roland" (\$3.00). The tale is a simple narrative of a pseudo-heraldic character related in Mr. Hewlett's familiar pseudo-antique style, with an occasional touch of the pseudo-robust; and this, we are informed, is the first edition. The little book is well printed, prettily bound, and embellished with ornamental initials and some interesting illustrations.

To the ninth volume of the "Oxford English Dictionary" Sir James Murray has now added the thick double section, TH-THYZLE (Frowde), containing 4,069 words and 29,133 illustrative quotations. This collection is composed almost exclusively of words of Old English, Scandinavian, and Greek origin. Within its limits Sir Thomas More found an English shibboleth, challenging any foreigner to follow him without tripping through the consonantal ambushes of "Thwarts [? error for Thwaites] thwackt him with a thwittle." Possibly More himself might have stared and gasped if he had been obliged to try his tongue on a modern English passage of this texture: "Thlipsence-phalous and theophilanthropic thanatophilologists theorize on thyrotherapy." Among the learned and inkhorn terms science and theology are prominently represented: thirteen columns are devoted to formations with *thermo-*, and 140 derivatives are listed under *theo-*. Perhaps the most interesting change of meaning in the latter group is seen in the whitewashing of *theist*. Less than a generation ago men in the colleges were getting their feet set in the paths of orthodoxy by taking a course in Flint's "Theism." In the good old times, when men looked askance upon curiosity in matters theological and Dean Swift could characterize the deist Toland as an "atheist and the son of a"—woman of no reputation, *theist* was a word of exceeding ill odor. So late as 1734 we learn that Oates "did but use the Privilege of a Theist or Freethinker," and in 1662 "Rebels, Theists, Atheists, Philologers, Wits, Masters of Reason, Puritans" are all rolled into one common lump of reprobation.

It is pleasant to meet among the new comers the friendly, humorous face of *thank-you-ma'am* also "*thank'ee-marm*," labelled "U. S." recalling the old-fashioned courtesies taught by the New England schoolmistress, defined as "a hollow or ridge in a road, which causes persons passing over it in a vehicle to nod the head involuntarily, as if in acknowledgment of a favor," and supported by the unassailable authority of Longfellow, O. W. Holmes, and W. D. Howells. Even more piquant is the history of that world-renowned personage who stands in the file as *Thomas Atkins*, but is more generally known and sung as "Tommy." Mr. Atkins seems to have been created by the English War Office, which in 1815 pitched upon him as it might have pitched upon John Doe or John Smith, and inserted his name in the model form of a cavalry soldier's book: "Thomas Atkins Private No. 6 Troop, 11th Regt. of Dragoons." In 1837 he appears again in "For. No. 2, No. 55, Thomas Atkins, Sergeant, Born in the Parish of St. Mary in or near the Town of Portsmouth, in the County of Hants, by Trade a Labourer." Finally, after a long, merely nominal existence, he emerges as vigorous and immortal as Jack-

the-Giant-Killer or John Bull, in criticised by the "Times newspaper," and is defended by Mr. Kipling when he steps "into a public-house to get a pint of beer." Readers of the Dictionary in this country will note with astonishment this definition of *theme*: "An exercise written on a given subject, esp. a school essay; an exercise in translation. Now rare"!!! No hint of the theme-readers, the theme-racks, the "themeitis," and the millions of themes written annually in "these States," from Maine to California.

Assuming that the heights reached by the author cannot be attained without strong traits of character, nor maintained without a varied and interesting experience, one reads "Some Pages of My Life" (Scribner), by the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Canon of Westminster and late Bishop of Ripon, with a feeling of disappointment. We do not get what it was surely in the power of the writer to give. Chapter after chapter is devoted to childhood memories of no inherent importance and hardly likely to interest any except the bishop's immediate circle of kinship and acquaintance. That his "Jinnies" (dolls) and other playthings should get only a trifle less space than his relations with Queen Victoria, with whom he came into very close personal contact, surely betrays a lack of due sense of proportion. The best advice to the reader who has not plenty of time is to omit the first third of the volume altogether. In the later chapters one has interesting glimpses of some of the prominent figures of the age, such as Browning, Tennyson, Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, the Queen, and the Empress Frederick, over whose body he read the burial service in accordance with her own request, made to him in person during a visit at Friedrichshof, three months before her death. Extracts from a few letters from Queen Victoria show that she felt a deep respect and affection for him and came to him freely for spiritual aid and solace. Although disagreeing with Gladstone's later political course, he had a profound respect for his deep religious convictions, and gives him credit for entire sincerity and freedom from any but the most unselfish motives. While calling upon Gladstone at the Treasury on a matter of ecclesiastical business, he incidentally mentioned Sibbald's translation of the "Inferno," a copy of which he had in his hand. Gladstone sprang from his chair, seized the book, and, turning rapidly through its pages, delivered a long discourse on the moral discipline to be gained from the study of the "Divina Commedia." "This power of discharging the mind of its burdens and concentrating the whole attention upon some fresh topic is either a great gift or a very useful habit," is the writer's comment, "but it is one which lesser people can only enjoy at a distance." In the retrospect of his seventy years, Bishop Carpenter is neither discouraged nor unduly optimistic. He is glad to feel assured that materialistic philosophy is in decline, but recognizes the snare of materialism in practical life, growing out of our love of the comforts and enjoyments made possible by the mastery which we are acquiring over the material world.

We can see that opportunities of comfort may breed self-indulgence, indifference to responsibility, blind carelessness

about the future of the nation. We see the evidence of such dangers in the decline in the birth-rate [the bishop himself had eleven children], and in the petty tyrannies practiced by aggressive minorities. When the bulk of the people, preoccupied in pleasure-seeking, forget their obligations, power passes into the hands of the active minority. When rights are demanded and duties forgotten, the tail will soon wag the dog. These things need thinking about.

The two handsome volumes, issued under the title of "The King's Book of Quebec" (Ottawa: The Mortimer Co., \$25), fittingly commemorate the tercentenary celebration of July, 1908. The book is designed to carry on two movements: one to create a public opinion in favor of preserving the battlefields of Quebec "in a manner worthy of their traditions," as Lord Grey puts it; the other, of supreme importance, to "unite more closely Canadians of French and of British descent." In 1905, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then Prime Minister of Canada, said: "La pensée dominante de ma vie a été d'harmoniser les différents éléments dont se compose notre pays. Je ne saurais dire encore que j'ai réussi autant que je l'aurais voulu, autant que je l'avais espéré, mais la pensée est vraie et elle finira par triompher." The same thought, the same patriotic ambition, dominates the mind of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's successor as Prime Minister, Robert Laird Borden; and it formed a marked feature of the policy of Sir John Macdonald, the most able and farsighted statesman Canada has yet produced. For those interested in the history of the city of Quebec, the mere fact that the preparation of these volumes was entrusted to Dr. Arthur Doughty and Col. William Wood will be sufficient introduction. Both are recognized authorities on the subject; both have written extensively in regard to it; and both possess the not too common combination of historical judgment and accuracy, and the ability to write entertainingly. Broadly speaking, Dr. Doughty has supplied the historical background, and Col. Wood describes the pageant and its significance. In a brief preface, Lord Grey, who as Governor-General had much to do with the organization and success of the celebration, emphasizes its importance from a national, imperial, and international point of view. He reminds us, incidentally, that in coming to Canada in 1908 for the express purpose of taking part in the 300th anniversary of the birthday of Quebec, King George V was paying his sixth visit to the Dominion. Lord Grey also makes the interesting suggestion that when the time comes for a Louisbourg commemoration, the princes of India might fittingly be asked to coöperate, because, as he points out, the exchange with France of Louisbourg for Madras, in 1748, while it weakened the British position in America, "helped to establish the Pax Britannica which insures to the princes of India the security of their rule."

The solution of the world-wide Jewish question which Werner Sombart propounds in his booklet, "Die Zukunft der Juden" (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot), is a double one. For the Jews of Eastern Europe there is no relief but in some form of Zionism. The present deplorable economic condition of the Russian Jew will enter upon an acute crisis when the United States closes the gates on immigration, as Prof.

Sombart believes we are now preparing to do. There is no hope of relief within the Russian Empire. So the choice is between emigration to a separately constituted Jewish territory and extirpation. The problem of the Jew in Western Europe is not an economic but a social one. The anti-Semitic spirit shows no diminution. Intermarriage is no remedy, since the offspring of mixed marriages are never allowed to forget their tainted origin. Every attempt on the part of the Jew to lose himself into his environment is bound to fail. The right solution lies in quite the opposite direction. The Jew should endeavor to develop his racial identity to the utmost, take pride in his racial culture, give recognition to the great fact that he can best serve his own cause and that of civilization by emphasizing the differences which mark him off from his neighbor. The ideal civilization is based on ethnological diversity. The more races, tongues, national cultures, the better for progress. Let the Jew accept the limitations imposed upon him by circumstance and make the best of it. It is not essential to the happiness of the German Jew that he shall be allowed to hold an army officer's commission. It is in general a foolhardy policy to thrust yourself in where you are not wanted. Thus Professor Sombart, in the same breath, urges the Jew to be proud and to be submissive, to develop his native powers to the utmost and not to intrude. We very much fear that the line which separates legitimate pride from unwarranted ambition is a metaphysical one.

One of the earliest mediæval works on geography is the "Book of the Knowledge of All the Kingdoms, Lands, and Lordships that Are in the World," published by the Hakluyt Society. The author, an anonymous Franciscan friar, who may have written in 1350, has been criticised as a mere compiler of traditions, but this view is not accepted by the Hakluyt editor, Sir Clements Markham, who thinks that the friar was a great traveller, and that he "diligently collected all the geographical information he could obtain. . . . The Franciscan was the first to mention and give the names of most of the Canary Isles, the Madeiras, and Azores, . . . and the first to give an account of Africa south of the Atlas in any detail. He gives a clear and precise definition of the famous Rio del Oro, the Niger of Ptolemy and Pliny, the Nil Cana of the Arab geographers, and the modern Senegal." There exist three, perhaps four, codices of the work, one being illustrated by the arms, flags, or devices of all the countries, in colors. This is the earliest representation of the flags of all nations. It is not maintained, however, that the friar visited every part of the known world. His illustrations are effectively reproduced and form a valuable addition to the book. The work was first published in 1877 by Don Marcos Jiménez de la Espada, who made unsuccessful efforts to ascertain the name of the anonymous traveller.

D. Francisco Rodríguez Marín, author of many important studies on Spanish literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and on folk-lore, has been appointed librarian of the National Library at Madrid, to succeed the late Menéndez y Pelayo.

The second annual volume of Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon, consisting of a

thousand pages and several hundred illustrations, has just been published. As a record of the principal events of the twelve months previous to November last, the progress of science, the literary productions, it is of great value. In the article on the Tripolitan war, the last event noted was on November 7. The account of the parks and playgrounds of Europe and America is illustrated by colored plans of the park systems of Boston, Baltimore, and Chicago.

The thirty-second Annual Report of the Colonial Institute of Hamburg shows with what thoroughness Germany prepares men for its growing colonies. Hamburg, like Frankfort, maintains many important educational establishments, and in both of these cities plans are on foot for consolidating their scientific schools and institutions of learning into local universities, dealing more with the practical interests of great commercial centres than with the abstract studies of the existing German universities. The Imperial educational authorities unite with the local teaching force to give weight and value to the work of the Hamburg Colonial Institute, and its teachers and students exchange visits and instruction with those of Berlin and other centres of university life and work, so that the old and new subjects and methods of study may be compared. Imperial and local authorities coöperate with merchants and their associations in forwarding this new local enterprise. The Hamburg Colonial Institute sent representatives to German colonies and to those of other countries, to study conditions, for example, in Egypt, where, in Cairo, the chief school for Mohammedan instruction counts thousands of students; and their reports are published, thus supplying valuable information. Sixty-one instructors, drawn from all parts of Germany, many of them specialists of note, using the scientific institutions of Hamburg, which is rich in special collections made by its merchants and sea captains in all parts of the world, gave courses of lectures on colonial history and law and sanitation and geography and geology, on Mohammedanism, on African languages, on Asiatic and English and modern Greek languages, on agriculture and botany and zoölogy in the German colonies.

"The Truth About Egypt" (Cassell) contains an account of the progress of events in the politics of that land during the five years of the administration of the late Sir Eldon Gorst as British Agent. The author, J. Alexander, quotes from the newspapers and from official documents, to illustrate and enforce his narrative. As a history the book is highly illuminating, and as an indictment it is conclusive. "Egypt for the Egyptians" is a factional cry of extremists in the towns. It would not be for the true good of the country as a whole, nor for stability and honesty of administration. It is the motto of the discontented among a conquering people, who feel themselves prevented from attaining the fruit of the conquest made by their forefathers over a sect of the hated Christians.

A volume of somewhat similar character is Lovat Fraser's "India under Curzon and After" (Holt). The author was editor of an Indian newspaper and possessed many sources of information not ordinarily

available. The book is not a defence of the Viceroy, nor an attack upon him; it is an account of recent events as they appeared to the writer. He sets forth with lucidity the difficulties of administration which confronted Lord Curzon, and the means adopted for their solution. The field is a wide one, and the details are almost bewildering, but the story is one of great interest to all concerned. The book was prepared for an English and American public to whom the problems of foreign occupation contain questions of very great moment.

It is a pity that John Foster Fraser's tale of wanderings in Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco should have so catch-penny a title as "The Land of Veiled Women" (Cassell). For though there is a good deal about women in it—mostly of the unveiled kind—the strength of the book is in its vivid descriptions of the multitudinous and many-colored life of those lands. Mr. Fraser has been about the world and has learned how to look for and at things, and so, without any professed Oriental knowledge, he has come out with a wonderfully good book. Even his folk-lore and superstitions are right, and if his canon law is a bit shaky, he errs with a host of much more solemn and dull writers. There are forty excellent photographs and four good colored prints.

A report of a missionary conference which is broadly interesting and not oppressively pious is a new thing, and "Islam and Missions" (Revell), the report of the conference in January, 1911, at Lucknow, has abundance of matter in it to attract any one who is at all under the spell of the East. There are articles on Panislamism, on the recent political changes in Turkey and Persia, and on the present situation in Malaysia, India, Afghanistan, and China, the reading of which will amply repay any one. It is plain that missionaries have come at last, consciously and openly, to face their environment as it is, and to see their work as an expression of the broad Christian civilization. It has long been that, as a matter of fact, but this explicit recognition is to be welcomed. It goes with the other great fact, the even more sudden recognition by politicians, sociologists, and scholars, of what missions have done and are doing.

Dora Greenwell McChesney, a writer, and the daughter of the late Prof. Joseph McChesney of the University of Chicago, died in Paris on Friday. She was born in 1871. She became especially interested in the period of the English civil war, from which she chose material for several books. Her writings include: "Kathleen Clare, Her Book, 1637-1641"; "Miriam Cromwell, Royalist"; "Rupert, by the Grace of God," etc.

Henry Arden, a graduate of Cambridge University, England, and a member of Lincoln's Inn Bar, who had come to this country to practice law, is dead in Los Angeles, Cal. He was the author of a work in four volumes, entitled "Banning and Arden's Patent Reports." He was also much interested in scientific subjects.

The death is reported of the Rev. Robert Borland, minister of Yarrow, Selkirkshire, Scotland. He is remembered in this country for his "Yarrow, Its Poets and Poetry."

Miss Sophia MacLehose, whose death is

reported from Glasgow, was the author of "Tales from Spenser's Faerie Queene," "The Last Days of the French Monarchy," and "From the Monarchy to the Republic in France."

## Science

*Logic, or the Morphology of Knowledge.* By Bernard Bosanquet. 2 vols. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; Henry Frowde.

*The Science of Logic.* By P. Coffey. Vol. I. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.50 net.

*Formal Logic.* By F. C. S. Schiller. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.25 net.

The simultaneous appearance of three substantial works on formal logic gives somewhat piquant evidence of the fact that specialists in the science of correct reasoning do not all reason alike. For the three books together offer the advanced student the opportunity of comparing, or of choosing among a neo-Hegelian, a neo-Thomistic, and a pragmatistic form of that ancient discipline; while none of them can be said to represent, or to be much influenced by, the very latest fashions in logical theory.

The first, Mr. Bosanquet's book, which appears in a second edition, was reviewed in the *Nation* at the time of its original publication. In the new edition the text is little altered, but footnotes are copiously appended, and a few passages of some length, of which the most important have already been printed in periodicals, are added. The other two treatises offer an especially curious contrast. Coffey's "The Science of Logic" is dedicated to Cardinal Mercier, one of the principal patrons of the neo-scholastic movement; and it "attempts to present the Principles of the traditional Logic expounded by Aristotle and his Scholastic interpreters, and to show how the philosophical teachings of Aristotle and the Schoolmen contain the true basis for modern methods of scientific investigation." The present volume of some four hundred and fifty pages carries the subject only through the doctrine of the syllogism; a second, dealing with induction, is promised. Father Coffey has not wholly neglected more recent writers, but he falls rather far short of a strict adherence to his professed "guiding principle": *vetera novis augere et perficere*. It is disappointing in any new logic-book to find the subject of "opposition" treated in the traditional and faulty way, and not given the perfectly systematized, demonstrative, and "elegant" form of which it is susceptible, when it is based directly upon an enumeration of the possible denotative relations of any two terms. The matter which gives the au-

thor most concern is to show that the syllogism is not a *petitio principii*, that the deductive proof of Socrates's mortality does not first require that the major premise, "all men are mortal," be established by a complete induction which already includes the case of Socrates. Father Coffey presents the issue clearly, but deals with it in a manner which will seem convincing only to other Scholastic logicians. Much of the traditional logic, however, is presented with a high degree of clarity and precision: especially good is the chapter on the Predicables.

For the traditional, even in formal logic, F. C. S. Schiller has scant respect. His book is dedicated "to the memory of the last great liberator of the human spirit, William James"; and it is paradoxically designed to provide both a textbook in the science and a proof that no such science exists or should be taught. For the latter purpose Mr. Schiller has, naturally, more zeal than for the former; and he has, in fact, achieved something different from either. He has written a somewhat garbled and misleading version of the usually accepted form of logical doctrine, and accompanied it with a running exemplification of most of the kinds of bad reasoning which figure in the traditional list of fallacies. He has thereby, undeniably, shown his scorn of the customary logic better than he could have done by a more scrupulous observance of the canons which he derides; and he has also, perhaps, the better justified his contention that the teaching of formal logic is a futility. For the author himself is abundantly instructed in that subject. His principal thesis is that it is not "possible to study the formal truth of thought irrespective of its truth in point of fact." This proposition itself is not free from ambiguity; but in the only senses in which it implies a repudiation of anything that serious logicians have maintained, it should mean either that there are no such things as relations of compatibility and implication between judgments which can be distinguished from that relation of a judgment to its object which constitutes its factual truth; or else that there are no general rules whatever respecting inference that can be laid down in advance of a particular inference and used as criteria of the correctness of the latter. Neither Mr. Schiller nor any other rational animal ever habitually held either of these opinions and acted in accordance with them.

Nor do most of the arguments which he advances have any tendency to prove either thesis. The arguments consist largely in treating certain well-known and avowed limitations of formal, especially of deductive, logic as if they were proofs of its falsity within its proper limits; in treating the disagreements of

logicians as if they were contradictions in logic; in treating the errors of some logicians as if they were evidences of the absurdity of logic; and in imputing to logic some strange doctrines and procedures of which even the most "traditional" of logicians have seldom, if ever, been guilty. When all these irrelevancies are discounted, there remain as a residuum some just, though hardly novel, observations upon the limited range within which cogent proof is possible, and upon the constancy with which human reasoning is beset by the danger of falling into some of the fallacies of ambiguity or of presumption. And on the question whether the syllogism is a *petitio principii*, Mr. Schiller has some remarks which Father Coffey might with advantage consider.

During the brief time that Dr. William Lutley Scilater, the well-known English ornithologist, was director of the Colorado College Museum, he found time to prepare the volume, "A History of the Birds of Colorado," which is now issued by a London house and imported by Stechert. It compares favorably with any handbook thus far produced in this country. As the study of birds becomes more and more intensive, the range of the handbook is more restricted. For many years in England there have been produced volumes relating solely to the ornithology of a single county or shire, and in America bird books of individual States are beginning to appear. Dr. Scilater has wisely cast aside all ultra-Anglican views and has adopted American nomenclature and names for use in the work. We note as one idiosyncrasy the omission of all authorities for scientific names. The idea of a State history is well carried out by means of a map, detailed analyses of physical features and fauna, a bibliography of nearly three hundred titles, and especially by a gazetteer of all the localities mentioned, with their exact location and altitude. The three hundred and ninety-two species of birds known to exist within the State are treated in the usual handbook manner under the captions of Description, Distribution, and Habits. In the literary style of the descriptions we discern a marked improvement over much of the similar work of American writers. Sixteen photographs enhance the interest of the volume. Although the letterpress covers almost six hundred pages, the lightness of the paper renders the volume easy to handle; there is a thorough index.

"Biological Aspects of Human Problems" (Macmillan) is the title of a very attractive book prepared from manuscript notes and material found among the papers of the late Dr. Christian A. Herter, and put into shape for publication by his widow with the aid of some of his friends to whom his views were familiar. According to Dr. Herter's prefatory statement the original notes were begun some years ago in the hope that a discussion of certain human problems from a biological point of view would be helpful to his children. There is no indication of the age of the children for whom this discussion was intended, but the result is far from being a guide for babes or the very young; it is rather a serious

examination of many questions whose bearings only adults, and adults of intelligence, may be expected to appreciate. The point of view is frankly rationalistic, and the self-preserved and sexual instincts are treated as fundamental. Herter holds that a doctrine of vitalism is yet far from being necessary, and that even scientific fatalism may enlighten and encourage serious natures, the mechanistic view not necessarily leading to hopeless resignation. These questions carry the author far afield and bring up many matters relating to health and disease, to instinct and heredity, to the influence of excesses, and especially to the protective agencies, a subject with which Herter was particularly familiar. Interesting is the suggestion that it might well repay a great Government to make a systematic examination into the prolongation of life, using some sort of a longevity squad for this purpose. The later chapters take up the relation of the fundamental instincts to the arts and religion and education. The treatment here must be considered as suggestive rather than final, as this part of the manuscript was admittedly incomplete. It is of course quite probable that earlier parts of the book, although apparently finished, would have undergone much alteration had its lamented author lived to print it himself. Even in its present form, the book is well worth reading as an expression of the attitude of a trained biologist to the big human problems. The revision of the text is in some places defective. Thus we note "Schleider" for Schleiden, and the statements that Kühne discovered the retinal red in 1840 (!), and Harvey the circulation of the blood in 1645 (!), and suppose *Bacillus vulgaricus* (p. 131) to be a misprint for *B. bulgaricus*.

with unreasonableness. Characters are obsessed by superstition, and not one has the strength of positive conviction. That life is full of perilous moments when sin is easily begotten, is its tenuous theme; and the moral is enforced that the crimes of our imaginings are as real and almost as terrible as those committed by outward act. The work has just been issued by Scribner in an authorized English translation by Edwin Björkman. As is not uncommon with Strindberg's dramas, the plot of this play is a mere loathing. Maurice, a poor young writer, has grown cold towards the mother of his child, and the chance that a play of his, now to be presented, will be a success turns his head still further from this humble, devoted mistress. He becomes enamored of his friend Adolphe's flashy mistress, and she of him. Flushed by the first-night performance of his play, and by these newer feminine charms, he wishes that his child, a serious obstacle to his desires, were dead. The next day the child dies mysteriously, and Maurice is held as a poisoner. The charge is also trumped up that his play is a plagiarism. From momentary fame he plunges into degradation. Of course, it turns out that the child suffered a natural death, and that Maurice was no literary robber; his affliction was needed to disclose to him life's spiritual values. Jeanne, the first mistress, forgives. Henriette, the second, returns, tamed, to a respectable home, and Adolphe has all along remained charitable because of a sin in his own past. Strindberg has here stuck to his habitual manner of regarding the deep forces of existence as being considerably detached from man's will-power. Like a puppet, Maurice is put through a necessary development, in the process of which his reason and conscience, which should be his guides, become paralyzed or futile; nor is he projected against a sturdy background of human sanity. Every personage in the play understands and partly condones his wickedness, and the general impression is created that life holds terrible situations which one can survive only because sin is so general as to be mitigating. Under the circumstances the need of humble repentance, which is urged by the author, is not altogether convincing.

## Drama

Putnam will bring out this month "The Dramatic Festival," by Anne A. T. Craig, with a "foreword" by Percival Chubb and an introduction by Peter W. Dykema. The book deals with forms of plays and festivals appropriate for presentation in schools.

The Shakespeare Summer Festival at Stratford will begin this year on August 3 and will last four weeks. F. R. Benson and his company will appear nightly, and the following plays will be performed each week: "Antony and Cleopatra," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Othello," "As You Like It," "Henry the Fifth," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Sheridan's "The Rivals," and McCarthy's "If I Were King." In addition there will be classes in folksong and folk-dance, a folk-drama conference, and lectures on various other subjects connected with the drama.

In 1895-6 Strindberg was in Paris, engaged in those queer alchemical studies which ended in his temporary madness. In 1899 he wrote "There Are Crimes and Crimes," a tragicomedy in four acts which deals with a rather special portion of Parisian life. Over its author there still hung, one is tempted to believe, the poison of his bitter experience. For even to readers not acquainted with his career, the atmosphere of the play must seem tainted

## Music

Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" had 228 performances in the opera houses of Germany during the past season, while "Elektra" had only forty-four. Next year, judging by the fate of all Strauss's operas, the "Rosenkavalier" will be given forty-four times, and its successor, now in preparation at Stuttgart, more than two hundred.

One of the busiest of musicians is Teresa Carreño, the eminent Venezuelan pianist. During the past season she gave eighty-seven concerts, the last at the Lower Rhine Music Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle. Her summer home is in the Bavarian Highlands. Mme. Carreño's name will be mentioned in the annals of music as that of one of the foremost pianists of her time; as the composer of the Venezuelan national hymn; and as the first teacher of America's greatest composer, Edward MacDowell, as

well as the missionary who has done more than any one else to make his music famous in European countries.

The two weeks from July 12 to 23 will be devoted at Neuenburg to a grand music festival, at which there will be a competition of Swiss singing societies, aggregating 10,000 members. The choral novelty of the festival will be a "Lyric Ode" by Joseph Lauberer.

In arranging for a big celebration of the Wagner centenary next year, the Dresdeners point with pride to the fact that it was in their city that three of Wagner's operas, "Rienzi," "Flying Dutchman," and "Tannhäuser," had their first performances on any stage, and under Wagner's own direction. They tactfully ignore the fact that, had it not been for the preposterous stupidity of their ancestors, "Lohengrin" also would have had its first production in Dresden. Wagner wrote it specially for the royal opera in that city, of which he was, moreover, the conductor. He had an ideal cast for it, too; but "Lohengrin" was not wanted. It remained in his desk for three years, till Liszt took pity on Wagner and brought it out at Weimar. The Philistines and Mediocrities had their way in Dresden at that time, as they often have had elsewhere. Mozart had to struggle against the same evil influences. So did Bizet and Weber. Being less robust than Wagner, they succumbed, at a pitifully early age.

The story of Gustav Mahler's three years in New York will doubtless form an interesting chapter in the elaborate biography of that great man which the Berlin publishers, Schuster and Loeffler, have just asked the eminent musical critic and author, Richard Specht, to prepare. Herr Specht, whose address is Vegagasse II, XIX Vienna, Austria, has written a card to the German newspapers calling upon all those who have letters from Mahler or other documents, important or otherwise, to let him see them, promising to return them promptly. He will doubtless be pleased to get the fullest possible information from any who had acquaintance with Mahler in New York.

One of the parts which Ferrari-Fontana will sing at Milan next season is that of Lohengrin. The Scala has now issued a complete list of ten operas to be produced during the season. It includes "The Girl of the Golden West," "Carmen," "Salomé," "Robert the Devil," "The Jewels of the Madonna," "The Inquisitive Women," "Rigoletto," "The Love of Three Kings" (a novelty by Montemezzi), and Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" and "Cinderella." The almost complete ignoring of Verdi during the centenary year is incomprehensible, for the Scala is Italy's leading opera house. To be sure, there will be plenty of Verdi cycles and festivals elsewhere, some of them under Government auspices.

Saint-Saëns was not impressed by the idea of performing "Aida" at the Pyramids, as was done on the day of his departure from Egypt. "What a sacrilege!" he said on his return to Paris. "In the face of these eternal stones they stupidly materialized a work of the theatre! And that at the gravest time in the conflict of Italy with Turkey. If this fashion is approved 'The Flying Dutchman' will be played out at sea and 'Orpheus'—in hell!"

Two hundred different operas by 121 composers were sung last season in 665 houses in 435 German cities and towns, according to the "Deutsche Bühnen-Spielplan," which gives full details regarding these performances, as well as those of stage plays without music. Of these latter there were more than 2,000 performances by half that number of playwrights. Of operetta composers ninety-three were represented, and, as always, some of their works were given more frequently than any operas or plays without music. While Lehar's "Merry Widow" showed some decline, his "Count of Luxembourg" was sung no fewer than 1,794 times, though this was its second season. Last year it had 1,365 performances. Leo Fall held his own, and so did, of course, Johann Strauss, whose ever-fresh "Fledermaus" was given 550 times.

It is not unusual at present for the box office of the Paris Opéra-Comique to take in 10,000 or 11,000 francs on one evening. These sums, not very large from the American point of view, seem fabulous when compared with what used to be the receipts half a century ago. Gounod's "Faust," for example, was sung at the same house 223 times in the weeks from March 19, 1859, to December 31 of the same year. Of these performances 6 brought in less than 500 francs apiece, 33 more fell short of 1,000 francs, 104 had 1,000 to 3,000-franc houses, 43 ranged from 3,000 to 4,000, 27 from 4,000 to 5,000, while only 10 exceeded 5,000 francs each. It must be borne in mind that while the receipts have increased, the expenses have also been multiplied.

Berlin was afflicted with 1,214 concerts last season. Vienna managed to get along with 431, Munich with 347, Dresden with 275, Hamburg with 271, Leipzig with 269, Breslau with 185, Stuttgart with 129, Karlsruhe with 87, and Prague with 83. Frankfurters had the opportunity to hear 207 concerts, no fewer than 46 of which were devoted to chamber music, which thus stood at the head of the list, whereas, in the other cities named, vocal and piano recitals predominated.

## Art

*Causeries on English Pewter.* By Antonio de Navarro. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5 net.

The author, better known as the husband of Mary Anderson, to whom these essays are dedicated, avows that his main object "is to dissipate the popular belief that the pewterers were entirely bourgeois," and "the old belief that pewter was synonymous with vulgar art." As the silversmith and the pewterer were so closely allied, it is true, of certain foreign makers especially, that the former were adept in working up pewter before they essayed the same thing in silver: François Briot, for instance, as related in the pages of *Jacquemart*.

The book is exceedingly chatty, and devoid of any pretence of giving technical data. There are interesting chap-

ters on old pewter; pewter church plate, the evolution of the tankard regarding which "it may be accepted that the flatter the lid, the earlier the piece"; the wooden trencher and its use, from the primitive trenchers to the ones of pewter ribbed and moulded, and the development of the latter to those with gadrooned and waved borders, which held sway in the eighteenth century. Round trenchers of wood were sometimes called roundels, but Mr. de Navarro writes of an inventory of the goods of the Countess-Dowager Rivers, dated 1644, which was found among some manuscripts of the Earl of Verulam, and which reads as follows: "In the pantrie . . . round trenchers 33 dozen, square trenchers 2 dozen, a case with thin trenchers to cover glass." This simply knocks on the head the article on "Old English Fruit Trenchers," by Prof. A. H. Church, in his essay in "Some Minor Arts as Practiced in England." There is a chapter devoted to pewter forks, very few of which have survived, and only those of a late date, the soft metal being cast away or used for solder. Then come spoons, of which vast numbers are constantly found, and which are possibly the earliest specimens of silver domestic plate. Regarding salts we are told that the "Great Salt" was left on the table during the entire meal, and that honored guests were seated above, and those of minor degree, below the salt, though Mr. de Navarro does not believe in this distinction. We read of church flagons, and of chalices next, then reach the chapter of retrospect, which is a summary of the history of the Pewterers' Company, by Charles Welch (1902), whom the author quotes as stating that "all the well-to-do members of the trade kept a stock of 'feast vessels,' which they lent on hire to noblemen and other wealthy persons, and to public bodies for use at great banquets." The final chapters are on the entourage and custody of pewter.

Some of these essays have appeared in *Country Life*. The book contains seventy-two plates and a fair index.

"Charcoals of New and Old New York" is the title of F. Hopkinson Smith's forthcoming book (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

Among the early autumn publications of McBride, Nast & Co. are: "Reclaiming the Old House," by Charles E. Hooper; "Furniture Designs—Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton," with an introduction by Arthur Hayden; "Dyes and Dyeing," by Charles E. Pellew, and "A Book of Distinctive Interiors."

"Appreciation of Art," by Blanche G. Loveridge, Granville, O., is in the vein of popular lectures, being a crude and undigested mass of information, frequently misunderstood, and conveyed in the loosest of English. Occasional misprints, while adding variety, seem thoroughly in keeping with the whole effect.

Half a century ago several gentlewomen, the Misses Burne-Jones, Burden, Morris, and others, used to meet at William Morris's studio in Red Lion Square, to embroider hangings in silk and cloth from the master craftsman's designs. Morris himself had convictions about embroidery, which he held was "not worth doing unless it is very copious or rich or very delicate or both." He regretted the degradation of the once noble art into mere fancy work with its monstrous spectacles of Landseer's dogs and Scott's heroines tastelessly copied in the Berlin wool work that exacts the very minimum of skill and thought. While not all embroideries with which Morris and his assistants tried to stir public interest were strikingly beautiful, they at least respected right design and sound materials. Protests, furthermore, against debasements of the art led to a gradual improvement, which is still going on, in ecclesiastical and secular embroidery. The many embroiderers whose inspiration has come from the handicraft revival will find M. Jourdain's "The History of English Secular Embroidery" (Dutton) extremely useful. English embroidery in the Tudor and Stuart periods realized Morris's prescription of sumptuous design and color. The early eighteenth century showed delightfully delicate things. The illustrations of embroideries of these centuries are from public and private collections; even without Mr. Jourdain's scholarly text they would be admirable models for the needle worker. The narrative contains much curious information about famous embroideries, particularly fascinating among which, on artistic and historical grounds, are the rich velvet panels and other embroideries worked by or under the direction of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury. History knows this lady as wife of the custodian of Mary Queen of Scots, and as the object of an epigram made by a cynic when her temper was bewailed by her spouse: "There is onlie one shrewe in the world and every man has her." An expression of the countess's forceful character survives in vast embroideries, among the finest artistic monuments of Elizabeth's time, at Hardwick Hall, now belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. A supplementary chapter devoted to samplers contains data that help to orient the American colonial sampler.

Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning, only son of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, died on Monday at Asolo, Italy, where he had established an industrial school as a memorial to his mother. Barrett Browning, as he was known, was born in 1849. He lived the greater part of his life in Italy. When Elizabeth Browning died, the Florentines asked that the boy be educated in Italy. This the father declined to promise. Barrett adopted art as a profession, and studied at Antwerp. In 1878 his *Worker in Brass*, exhibited at the Royal Academy, attracted considerable attention. After his student days, he returned to Italy and lived with his father in the Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice, where, on December 12, 1889, Robert Browning died on the very day that he had succeeded in persuading the local authorities to consent to his purchase of a piece of ground at Asolo. It was on this ground that Robert Browning had hoped to build his "Pippa's Tower." Here

the son Barrett erected his home. Browning's most notable literary venture was the publication in 1899 of "The Love Letters of Robert and Elizabeth Browning."

## Finance

### POLITICS IN WALL STREET.

Until half-past two o'clock on Tuesday of last week the stock market was moderately strong, though very dull. Then the page tickers announced that Wilson's nomination, by acclamation, was conceded. Steel common, which had been one of the most active stocks, declined from 72 to 71½. Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Amalgamated Copper, Union Pacific, Interborough-Metropolitan preferred, Reading, and two or three other stocks in which traders had been dealing, ran off  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. each. Sales were in small volume. The weakness continued for a quarter of an hour, and then prices all recovered. Steel common closed at 71½, against a closing the day before of 71¾. It was a very perfunctory response to an interesting political event.

On the floor of the Stock Exchange a trader who rushed in on the news of Wilson's nomination to undo certain bargains, remarked afterward: "I'm for Wilson, though his nomination did cost me \$87.50. That's what I think of him." The following morning, Wednesday, the news from Baltimore being complete, the stock market opened at an advance of  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 per cent., declined straightway 1 to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  points, recovered half-way, and closed dull. It has since been irregular with periods of heavy selling.

These facts are set down in some detail, as they mark, perhaps, the extreme of a stock market's indifference to politics. There had been a spring rise in stocks, which culminated at the end of April, because, as many thought, it would be inexpedient to carry a bull movement any further, with the political situation looming up in so formidable a manner. May and June were months of political excitement, and, yet, the average price of, say, twenty railway stocks and twelve industrials, which are commonly used for statistical purposes, never varied so much as 4 points—through the tumultuous Taft-Roosevelt campaign, through the Chicago Convention, through the threat of a third party, and through the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, despite the fact that at Baltimore Wall Street and its people were denounced as perhaps never before in similar circumstances.

It is true that speculative opinion, or, more correctly, the comment passing for such, during May and June, ran back and forth between extremes of alarm and complacency, but of actual speculation in securities there was so little that brokers complained of the difficulty

of making ends meet. The volume of speculative contracts outstanding in Wall Street during this period was smaller than perhaps at any time in the previous three years. Brokers were carrying very few stocks. That being the case, the absence of violent fluctuations in stocks, as the advantage wavered between contending political forces, is easily understood. There was no margin account for professional speculators to prey upon.

The more significant fact is that the real holders of stocks were no more inclined to part with them, on any interpretation of the political situation, than impulsively to increase their holdings. The process of merchandising stocks and investment securities to the ultimate investor proceeded in a leisurely manner. New flotations appeared one after another, were underwritten by syndicates and distributed to investors, all as if nothing unusual were taking place. The indifference of the stock market to political happenings, therefore, has been the indifference of the real owners of securities and capital. Speculators without the slightest bias of their own would have been only too willing to go either one way or the other—that is, to follow any real buying or selling.

And the explanation of the indifference of the holders of securities and the owners of capital is not far to seek. Though it has been widely advertised that Wall Street was for this candidate or that, Wall Street has, in reality, had no fixed political faith. In 1896, and again in 1900, Wall Street was solid on the sound-money issue. A Silver Democrat could not be tolerated there. But to-day in the same Wall Street there is every shade of political belief. Before the Chicago Convention many Roosevelt men could be found in banks and on the Stock Exchange; they are fewer since Mr. Taft's nomination. If Wall Street had been able to name the ticket at Baltimore it might have put Harmon first, but the vote would not have been unanimous; there would have been many Underwood, Clark, and Wilson votes, and a deadlock might have resulted. There would have been even some Bryan votes, though Wall Street's opposition to Bryan is a habit.

Further, it is not uncommon nowadays to find the heart of a Socialist behind the mind of a banker—the principles of a radical Progressive underlying a preference for the present for conservative politics. Several weeks ago the head of a large banking institution took a poll of its employees. A majority were "Progressives." It was very different when in 1896 Wall Street believed that gold had to triumph if property were to be preserved. The day after Wilson was nominated, men who had been for another candidate at Baltimore said of the nominee: "Well, what's the difference?"

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bazin, René. *Davidée Birot*. Trans. by M. D. Frost. Scribner. \$1.25 net.

Beard, C. A. *The Supreme Court and the Constitution*. Macmillan. \$1 net.

Boigne, Comtesse de. *Recollections of a Great Lady*. Scribner. \$2.50 net.

Bourne, H. E., and Benton, E. J. *Introductory American History*. Heath & Co.

Burritt, M. C. *Apple Growing*. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.

Clock, R. O. *Our Baby: A Guide for Mothers*. D. Appleton. \$1.25 net.

Coffey, P. *The Science of Logic*. Vol. II. Longmans. \$2.50 net.

Cory, H. E. *The Critics of Edmund Spenser*; *Spenser, the School of the Fletchers, and Milton*. Berkeley: Univ. of California.

Drummond, Florence. *An American Wooing*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.

Dujardin, Édouard. *The Source of the Christian Tradition*. Revised edition, trans. by J. McCabe. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.

Garber, J. P. *Current Educational Activities*. (1911 volume of *Annals of Educational Progress*). Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Hawley, R. C., and Hawes, A. F. *Forestry in New England*. Wiley & Sons. \$3.50 net.

Heald, Lucy. *Love in Umbria: A Drama*. Smith College, Class of 1895.

Hocking, W. E. *The Meaning of God in Human Experience*. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$3 net.

Innes, L. M. *Our Little Dan's Cousin*. Boston: Page & Co. 60 cents.

Johnson, V. W. *A Bermuda Lily*. A. S. Barnes Co.

King, A. S. *The Influence of a Magnetic Field upon the Spark Spectra of Iron and Titanium*. Carnegie Inst. of Washington.

Lones, T. E. *Aristotle's Researches in Natural Science*. London: West, Newman & Co.

Manzoni, Alessandro. *Opere*—Vol. IV. Parte Prima, a cura di Giovanni Sforza e Giuseppe Gallavresi. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.

Maupassant, Guy de. *Recollections*, by his Valet, François. Lane. \$3 net.

Moll, Albert. *The Sexual Life of the Child*. Trans. by E. Paul. Macmillan. \$1.75 net.

Morton, E. T. *Navigation for the Amateur*. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.

Old Testament Stories. Edited by James R. Rutland. Boston: Silver, Burdett. 45 cents.

O'Sullivan, Vincent. *The Good Girl*. Dutton. \$1.35 net.

Reade, A. L. *Johnsonian Gleanings*. Part II. Francis Barber, the Doctor's Negro Servant. London: Privately printed for the author, at the Arden Press.

Reed, E. B. *English Lyrical Poetry*. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.25 net.

Saylor, H. H. *Architectural Styles for Country Houses*. McBride, Nast. \$2 net.

Snaith, J. C. *The Principal Girl*. Moffat, Yard. \$1.25 net.

Stebbins, N. L. *The New Navy of the United States*. Outing Pub. Co. \$1.50 net.

Stratton-Porter, Gene. *Moths of the Limberlost*. Doubleday, Page. \$2.50 net.

Thomson, J. A., and Geddes, P. *Problems of Sex*. Moffat, Yard.

Turner, E. R. *The New Market Campaign*—1864. Richmond, Va.: Whittet & Shepperson. \$1.50 net.

Waterman, Lucius. *William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury: A Lecture*. General Theological Seminary, Protestant Episcopal Church.

Waxman, F. S. *A Shopping Guide to Paris and London*. McBride, Nast. 75 cents net.

Winslow, H. M. *The Pleasuring of Susan Smith*. Boston: Page & Co. \$1 net.

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